Sun wars: escalating the solar energy battle in California
Club Med has sand in its suit by Michael Wolff/Punk Architecture
Bill Lee: can a screwball save the Red Sox?/Paul Erdman on Lance

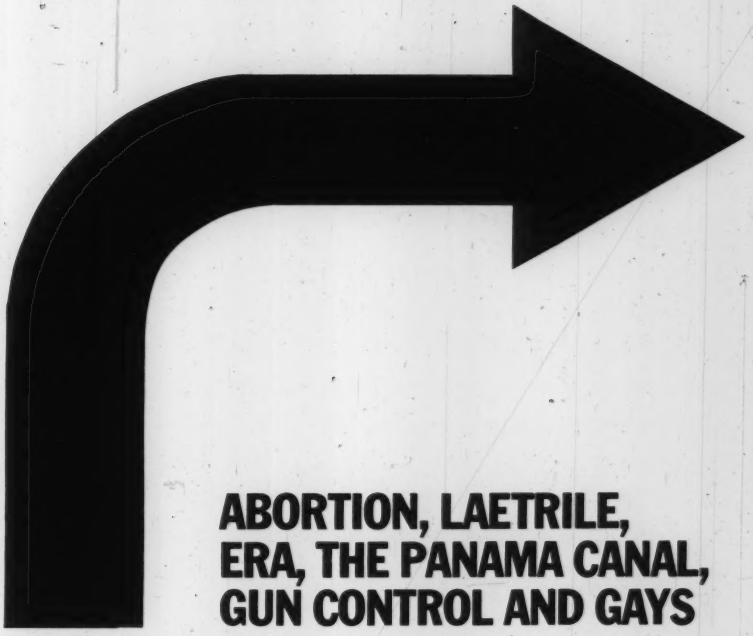
SEPTEMBER 30, 1977 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE ®

New Times

AMERICA TURNS

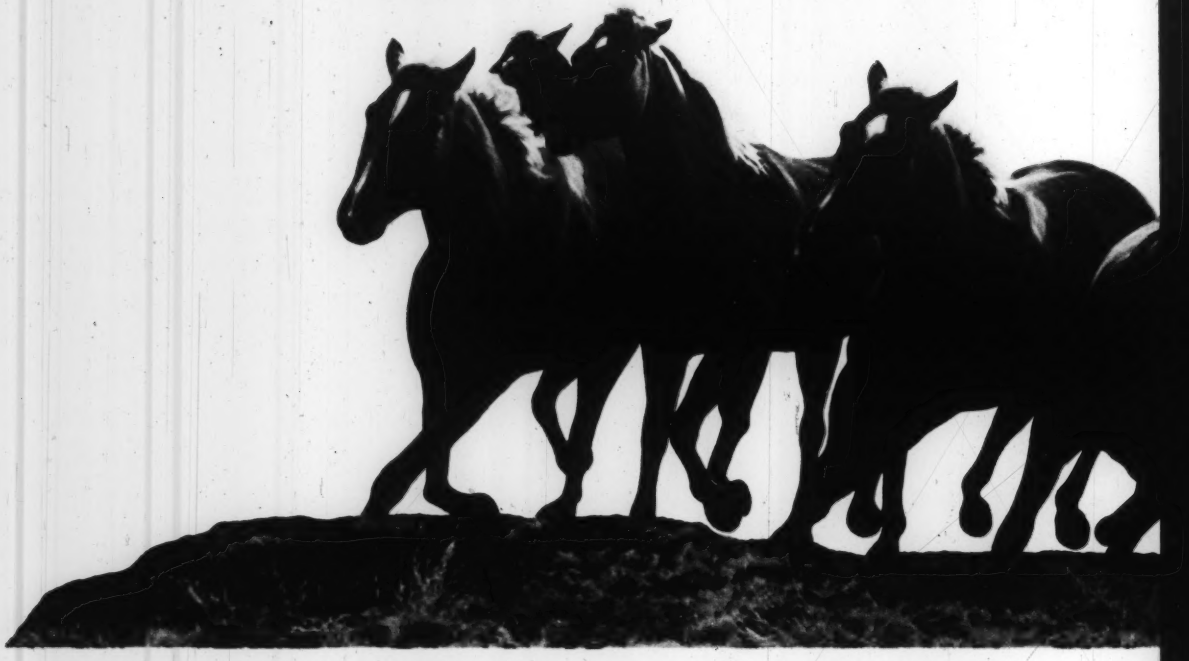
RIGHT

BY ANDREW KOPKIND



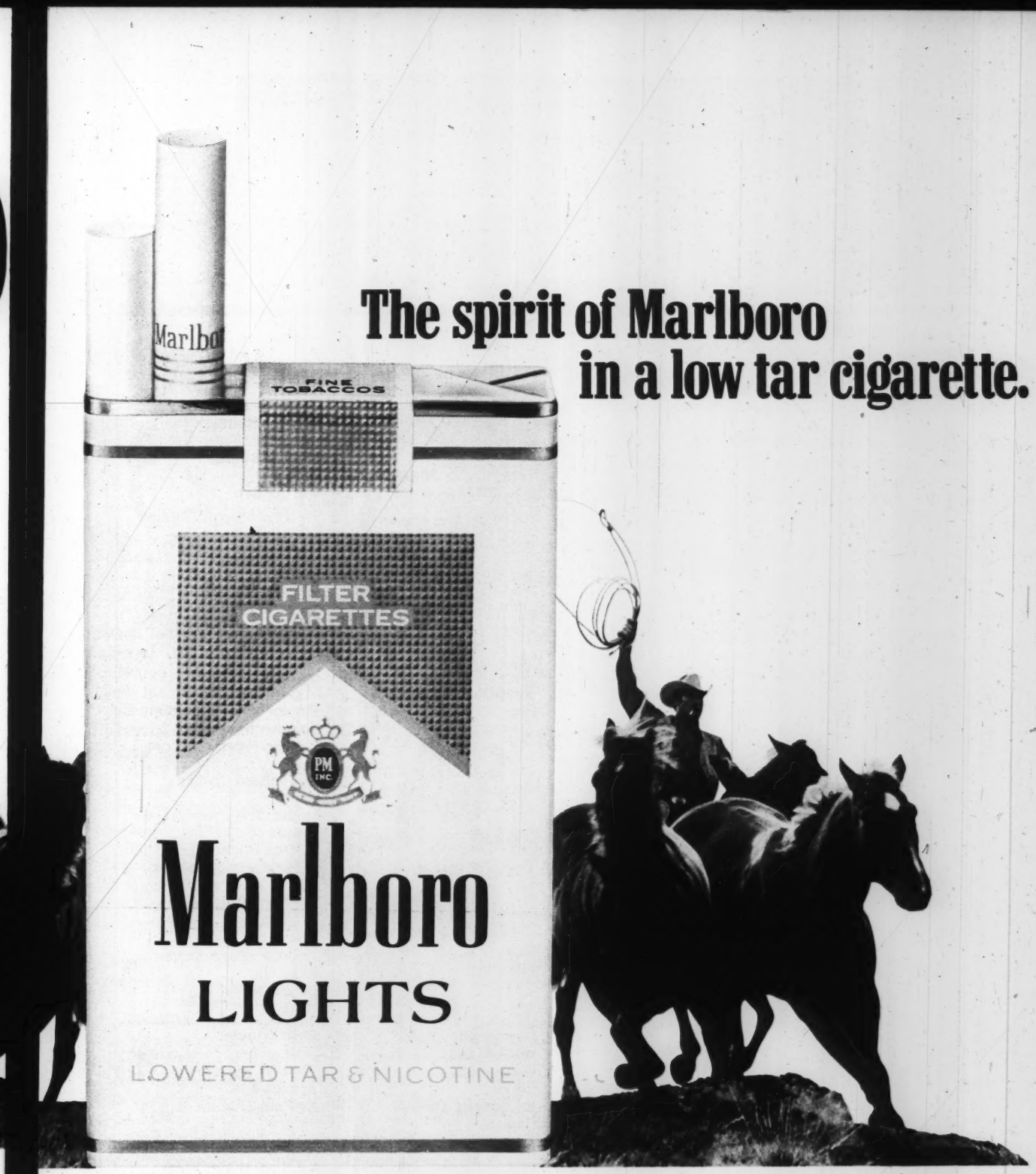
ABORTION, LAETRILE, ERA, THE PANAMA CANAL, GUN CONTROL AND GAYS

Marlboro Lights



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77



The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

Lighter in taste. Lower in tar. And still offers up the same quality that has made Marlboro famous.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1977
VOLUME 9, NUMBER 7

NewTimes

America's New Right

While the activists of the sixties are contemplating their Ouija boards and playing the stock market, a growing number of hard-core housewives are taking *their* politics—anti-abortion, anti-gay, anti-ERA—to the streets. And you don't need an Avon Lady to know which way the wind blows.

By Andrew Kopkind
Page 20

COVER
ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS KELLEY

Sun wars

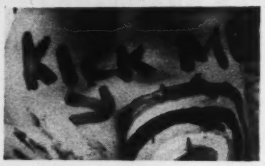
Here comes the sun, and in southern California it's up for grabs. While the establishment forces—the banks and the Southern California Gas Company—battle small business pioneers over the development rights to solar power, the Shah of Iran has been busily investing in American-built systems . . . with money the U.S. paid for Iranian oil.

By Stephen Singular
Page 34

Apocalypse now?

Someone there is who doesn't love a wall. Designer James Wines has solved the vandal problem with punk architecture—his buildings come partially demolished. "Excuse me, I'd like to return this store. It has a hole in it."

By Paul Slansky
Page 42



The Club Med experience

What happens when a bunch of swinging singles shack up on a tropical island where the currency is pop-beads and the sun burns at both ends? Not as much as you might think. Beach-blanket backgammon in Martinique.

By Michael Wolff
Page 45

The Devil in Bill Lee

From those wonderful folks who brought you Jim Piersall comes Boston's Spaceman. After playing left out for most of the season, the Fenway philosopher has aborted his one-way journey to oblivion and just may pitch the Red Sox into the World Series.

By George Kimball
Page 54

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Rupert Murdoch's postscript.
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There's no escape from fiber glass.
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Bigger breasts through hypnosis.
Page 8

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Song of Solomon: Milkman Dead searches for his roots.
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Coming attractions from the New York Film Festival.
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A jazz man's gotta have heart.
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The Animals return from extinction.
By Jim Miller
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Final Tribute
The author of *The Crash of '79* bids Bert Lance bon voyage.
By Paul Erdman
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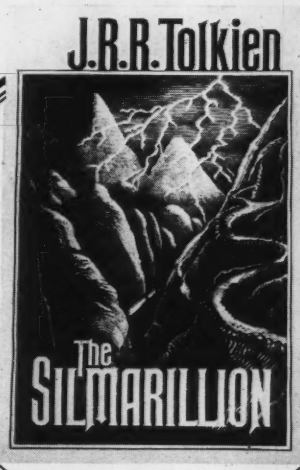
THE ENCHANTING WORLD OF J.R.R. TOLKIEN.



When a new book by JRR Tolkien is published, that calls for a celebration.

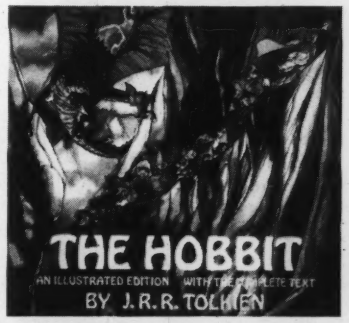
And Waldenbooks, the nation's largest bookseller, is going to have just that.

On September 15th, the book Tolkien worked on for 50 years and was revising at the time of his death will be published.

It also marks the start of a two-month Tolkien festival at Waldenbooks, offering the most comprehensive collection of Tolkien books ever assembled. Including special editions of his works, biographies, critical studies — even Tolkien calendars and posters.

The reason for the party.

When JRR Tolkien died, he left behind millions of devoted fans. He also left behind a final work, The Silmarillion, which has now been edited by his son, Christopher, and will be published by Houghton Mifflin ($10.95).



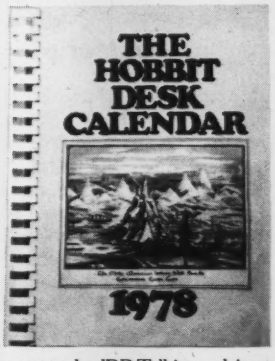
The Silmarillion is the work on which Lord of the Rings and all the Hobbit adventures are based. It is the account of the chaotic First Age, and it tells of epic struggles and betrayals which were to haunt later Ages, such as the theft of the Silmaril jewels and the war to get them back.

It also contains several shorter works, including "Of the Rings of Power," the connecting link to Lord of the Rings. The Silmarillion is both the cornerstone of Tolkien lore and the completion of the mythology which has captured our age. Finally, the chance to read new Tolkien!

When you come to Waldenbooks for your copy of The Silmarillion, you'll see a special Tolkien section with all sorts of new books and memorabilia you'll want to check out.

If you'd like to soak up some Tolkien every day of the year, you'll want the 1978 Hobbit Desk Calendar (Ballantine $6.95). With 12 of JRR Tolkien's own color illustrations, plenty of room for notes and a double page spread for every week. Or the best-selling calendar of all time, the Tolkien Wall Calendar. It's all-new for 1978, with color paintings by the Brothers Hildebrandt and the dates important to Middle Earth marked clearly.

You'll also find an enchanting new gift edition of The Hobbit. Based on this year's NBC TV 90 minute animated Thanksgiving special, it has 300 illustrations, 230 of them in color. This is an 11"x11" art book containing Tolkien's complete text, specially priced at $29.95 (Abrams). Bilbo Baggins never looked better!



For collectors, there will be leather-bound editions of Lord of the Rings and The Hobbit. And for those who want to introduce Tolkien to a friend, deluxe boxed paperback sets of Lord of the Rings. Plus editions of his children's books and songs.

And since the world of JRR Tolkien wouldn't be complete without some of the books his works have inspired, you'll also find Humphrey Carpenter's fine new study, JRR Tolkien, a biography. And The Tolkien Companion by JEA Tyler (Avon $4.95), an exhaustive thesaurus of Tolkien names, terms and places, arranged and explained in alphabetical order. Great for heavy Tolkien addicts.

We could go on. But by now you've probably gathered it's going to be a heck of a party. In fact, you might say that since Lord of the Rings, the best thing to happen to Tolkien fans is now at Waldenbooks.

NOW AT WALDENBOOKS

There are over 425 Waldenbooks stores from coast to coast. Check the white pages for the one nearest you.

Letters

Lucian Truscott, deep-fried

I do believe Lucian K. missed the whole point of Elvis and his impact on the world in his Final Tribute ("Elvis Presley's deep-fried demise," September 2). It is society, our greedy society, that kills our superstars, and not fried peanut butter and banana sandwiches.

Ginger Daul
Garland, Texas

To say the King was "fading" is ridiculous. His concerts were immediate sell-outs and any album was a guaranteed million-seller. He was so beloved and sought after by his fans—old and young alike—that he was forced into a life of seclusion. So what if he "got fat"! Elvis opened up a whole new world of music that I daresay will continue in years to come.

Carol L. Dunaway
Gautier, Mississippi

Lucian K. Truscott makes reference to a photograph of "young Bob Dylan." The woman in the photo with Dylan was not, as Truscott claims, "Big Mama" Thornton ; it was Victoria Spivey. Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Spivey do not resemble each other to any great extent, but I suppose that would come as a surprise to anyone named Lucian K. Truscott IV.

Martain S. Fontenot I
Tyler, Texas

A bummer

"The Cruel Aid Acid Test" (August 19) doesn't seem to have been worked past the first draft. I know psychodelia— and I also know Mexico, Tim Leary and Baba Ram. What I don't know is why this garden variety "therapy" warrants that much space in a magazine which normally exposes the rip-offs, rather than glorifying their perpetrators and dupes.

David Marin
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Since I am familiar with the work of Dr. Salvador Roquet and most of the participants described by Craig Waters in "The Cruel Aid Acid Quest," I can say that I have seldom read an article that so misrepresents its subject matter. It is obvious that the author did not take the treatment.

Roquet is a gifted psychiatrist and his treatment most effective.

In fact, the Mexican Government was told by foreign experts that if it gave permission for him to reopen his institute, Mexico City in time would become the psychotherapeutic capital of the world!

Walter Houston Clark
Newton Centre,
Massachusetts

Bubbles and troubles

I'm surprised to learn how many people have not learned to laugh at themselves ("Soap hits the fan," September 2). The skeleton of a Victorian monkey is sitting on our shoulders: at what point will we shrug? I think the SOAP controversy can be summed up by a loosely translated line from Horace: "The mountains are in labor, and a ridiculous mouse will be brought forth."

Kerry L. Jones
Los Angeles, California

I read Arthur Lubow's excellent article, "Soap hits the fan," and I have one urgent question to pose before the WJM-TV newsroom fades from the prime-time tube: in what episode was "divorcee Mary Richards" married?

David Jacoby
Bronx, New York

Editor's note: She wasn't married—ever.

*Post*scripts

The article entitled "Rupert Murdoch's Favorite Son" by Messrs. Kaplan and Slansky which appeared in the September 2, 1977 issue of *New Times* is a shabby exercise in uninformed journalistic criticism. Your attack on the *New York Post* coverage of the Son of Sam story was petty and personally malicious.

The facts are simple. New Yorkers were being threatened by an unknown and apparently insane gunman who had already killed four young women and one man and wounded six other young persons and was about to kill another girl and blind her companion. In many New York households there was a real sense of fear and it was being freely and openly expressed. By any news standards it was a major story.

The Kaplan and Slansky story is based solely on anonymous—and extremely doubtful—quotes, purportedly from disenchanted *New York Post* reporters. The *Post* reporters who worked on the story have great pride in their work and their newspaper. The use of anonymous quotations to support a smear story is hardly reputable journalism. More important, the quotations completely lack credibility, because your "facts" were all wrong.

The description of Roger Wood as my "Australian hit-man" is typical. Roger is neither Australian nor a hitman. He is an experienced and competent editor. I moved into the news room, but not for the reason given in your story, that Mr. Wood "had not yet been installed." He became editor on July 18th, and I took his place two weeks later because he went on an annual holiday arranged long before—and not, as your article states, because of the Son of Sam story.

Kaplan-Slansky next refer to the *Post*'s huge headlines, sometimes underlined, sometimes "white on nightmarish black." Don't they know that underlining and reverse block headlines (white on nightmarish black) have been used by modern newspapers, including the *Post*, for many years?

According to Kaplan and Slansky, the *Post*'s headlines grew more "fevered," "howled" and "screamed." What do they imagine headlines are for? They object, without saying why, to the headline which followed the final murder, "No One Is Safe From Son of Sam!" This was neither a "howl" nor a "scream" but a true statement of the city's mood, backed by hundreds of *attributed* quotes by parents and young women.

The reference to "inventing" the Open Letter is bunk. We had no need to "invent" an old device. There have been a number of cases, here and abroad, of people giving themselves up to newspapers rather than to police.

The Page Six item on the *Times*' continuation of its front page story of Berkowitz' arrest did not "embarrass virtually every *Post* staffer," and it did not result from me "chiding" the Page Six staff into it. They are skilled enough to make their own points about *New York Times*-style journalism.

The statement that a *Post* reporter was told to find Berkowitz' father and pay for his story is untrue. Reporters were certainly assigned to interview him, as were reporters from other newspapers, radio and TV stations. We were not "reduced" to printing the "ravings" of friends of the victims. We deliberately got their reactions because this was news—the other media did the same.

Of the lawyer Peltz, it is alleged

that the *Post* "helped Peltz in the past, keeping his name out of the paper, saving his hide." This is a monstrous falsehood. The *Post* never had any prior knowledge of, or relations with, Peltz. Kaplan and Slansky quote yet another anonymous source as saying, "We were in his office from the moment he was named." Of course we were; that is good journalism. So were other reporters. We did not tell Peltz we "could help him with money" for getting us to Berkowitz: we asked him to ask Berkowitz to receive us for an interview. Again, good journalism.

Kaplan and Slansky also see something odd in the fact that before Berkowitz was arrested the *Post* planned a series of shots of a simulated Son of Sam at various places in New York. This was also legitimate journalism, based on police information, aimed at dramatizing the vulnerability young people would be in—a point the police were trying to make. The same information was being given in typeform and with maps, also based on police information. The picture which ran on *New York* magazine's cover was quite different—and in color—and was planned ten days earlier.

Finally, it is false that "we paid witnesses" or "made up whole stories." No witnesses to this story ever sought payment. They realized, as clearly Kaplan and Slanksy do not, that the murders were a major event requiring major publicity for their anxieties and their outrage—and their stories were published on a fully attributable basis.

You have used purported quotations from "anonymous sources" as the basis for a tawdry attack on the *New York Post* and me personally. You should have resisted that temptation.

K. Rupert Murdoch
New York, New York

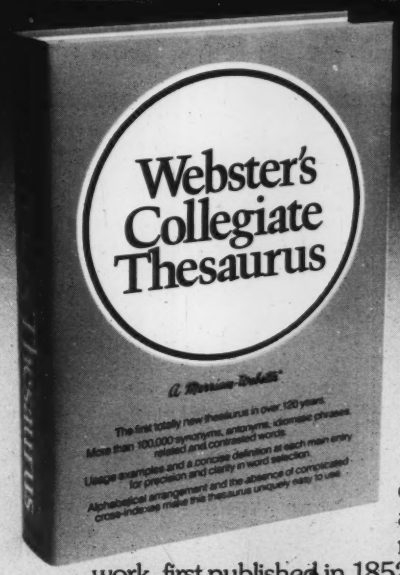
I'd just like to congratulate you on observing the media phenomenon concerning the "Son of Sam" case in New York. On Thursday, August 11 (the "Capture Day"), I happened into Manhattan to do some shopping around 4:00 p.m.—and literally 90 percent of the people in Herald Square had a copy of the *New York Post* underneath their arms. There were makeshift newspaper vendors on every block going north and south, and two or three to a block going east and west. It was amazing. Continue with the fine journalism.

Jay Holtzman
Newark, New Jersey

Sorry, Chris

We neglected to credit Christopher Cunningham for the photo of Ted Turner that appeared on the cover of our September 16 issue.

From Merriam-Webster, the first totally new Thesaurus in 120 years.



Thesauruses have not changed significantly for over a century; most are merely rearrangements of Roget's work, first published in 1852. But now comes Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus. As soon as you look at one page, you'll know the difference. It's as fast and easy to use as a dictionary.

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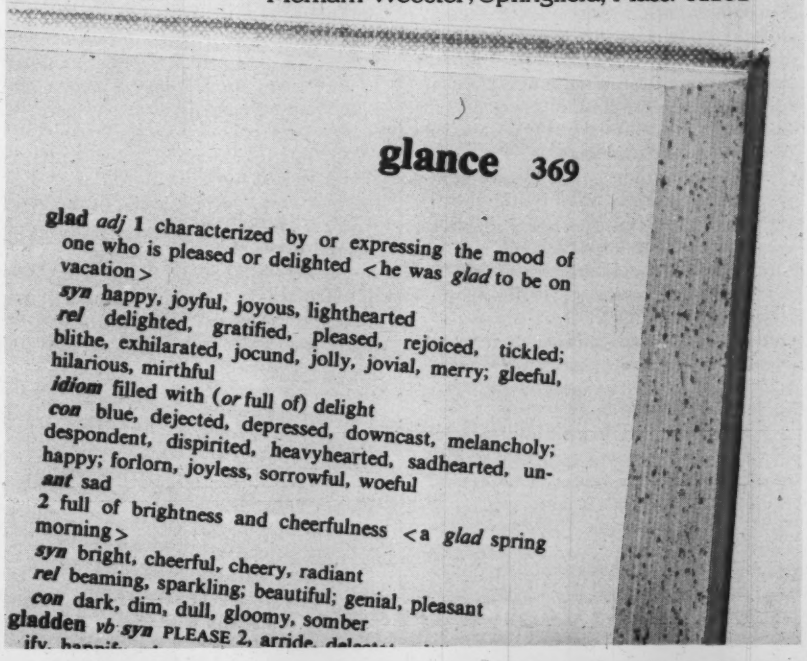

glance 369

glad *adj* 1 characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was *glad* to be on vacation>
syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted
rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful
idiom filled with (*or* full of) delight
con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful
ant sad
2 full of brightness and cheerfulness <a *glad* spring morning>
syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant
rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant
con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber
gladden *vb syn* PLEASE 2, arride,

Environment/By Paul Shinoff

Insulate your lungs– use fiber glass

You know about asbestos. You know that this heat-resistant miracle material of uncounted commercial uses is now considered to be the most dangerous substance in common industrial use. You know that half of all asbestos workers will suffer from debilitating lung diseases and one-third will develop cancer. And you know that asbestos has come to be replaced in many applications by a new miracle material called fibrous glass.

You know about fiber glass . . .

Unlike naturally occurring minerals, fibrous glass is a material of the modern age, spun like cotton candy from molten silica sand. It is best known as an insulation product, an effective barrier against both heat and cold. Even now, a dozen states and the federal government are considering incentive tax credits to homeowners who will install it in their walls and attics. It also has 35,000 other product applications.

Back in the 1950s, as fiber glass first came into common use, workers frequently exposed to the material began complaining of bothersome itching, rashes, coughing and burning of the eyes. By 1961, occupational health doctors were discussing a new type of lung disorder found among workers in the fiber glass industry; they called it fiber glass pneumoconiosis. But such reports were countered by other studies, many commissioned by the industry, which showed that chest diseases among their employees were neither more nor less prevalent than among the rest of the population.

In 1965, Dr. Mearl Stanton, a pathologist at the National Institute of Health in Bethesda.Maryland, was implanting asbestos in the chest cavities of female Osborne-Mendel rats. But as the fibers are brittle, Stanton bonded them to a tiny square of ordinary fiber glass insulation, a material he considered totally benign.

That a sizable number of rodents soon developed cancer was hardly a surprise; similar findings had been reported among human beings as early as 1935. Still, Dr. Stanton slogged away, a foot soldier in a gentleman's war, fought in the pages of esoteric medical journals.

Stanton's experiments had shown that asbestos fibers caused several types of cancers, including a rare but fatal malignancy known as mesothelioma—a disease found only among asbestos workers and their families. (Mesothelioma, a cancer of the lung cavity, takes 20-30 years to mature, then kills within nine months.) But scientists were unsure *how* asbestos sparks cancer: whether the disease was caused by the chemical composition of the fiber, or arises as a result of constant irritation once trapped in the lung. If the first theory were to prove true, then asbestos could be considered an odious but isolated threat. But if the cancer is created simply by physical irritation, then any respirable fiber of like shape and size could cause the disease. That would include a long list of durable synthetics including acetates, acrylics, nylon, polyesters, rayon and teflon. And fiber glass.

In 1969, Dr. Stanton ordered 1,200 rats from NIH's Animal Production Section and repeated his earlier experiment, but this time he implanted finely ground fiber glass in the rodents instead of asbestos. The animals lived to the relatively old age of two, were killed and autopsied. Up to 18 percent were found to have mesothelioma.

In 1974, Stanton, a well-ordered scientist who lives in a world of probabilities and correlation coefficients, wrote a cautious but haunting editorial for the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*, which concluded, "Vigilance in detecting the presence of such fibers in the environment and in the tissues of man may well profit us all." Meanwhile, however, research commissioned by the medical departments of the fiber glass industry continues to downgrade the hazards of the substance.

The industry has contended that, with the exception of finely ground fibers, the glass particles are too large to ever reach the lungs. In Berkeley, California, a physician by the name of W. Clark Cooper wondered if that was true. So at the same time that Mearl Stanton was killing rats in Bethesda, Cooper was pinning dust collector devices to the shirts of insulation workers at a University of California construction project.

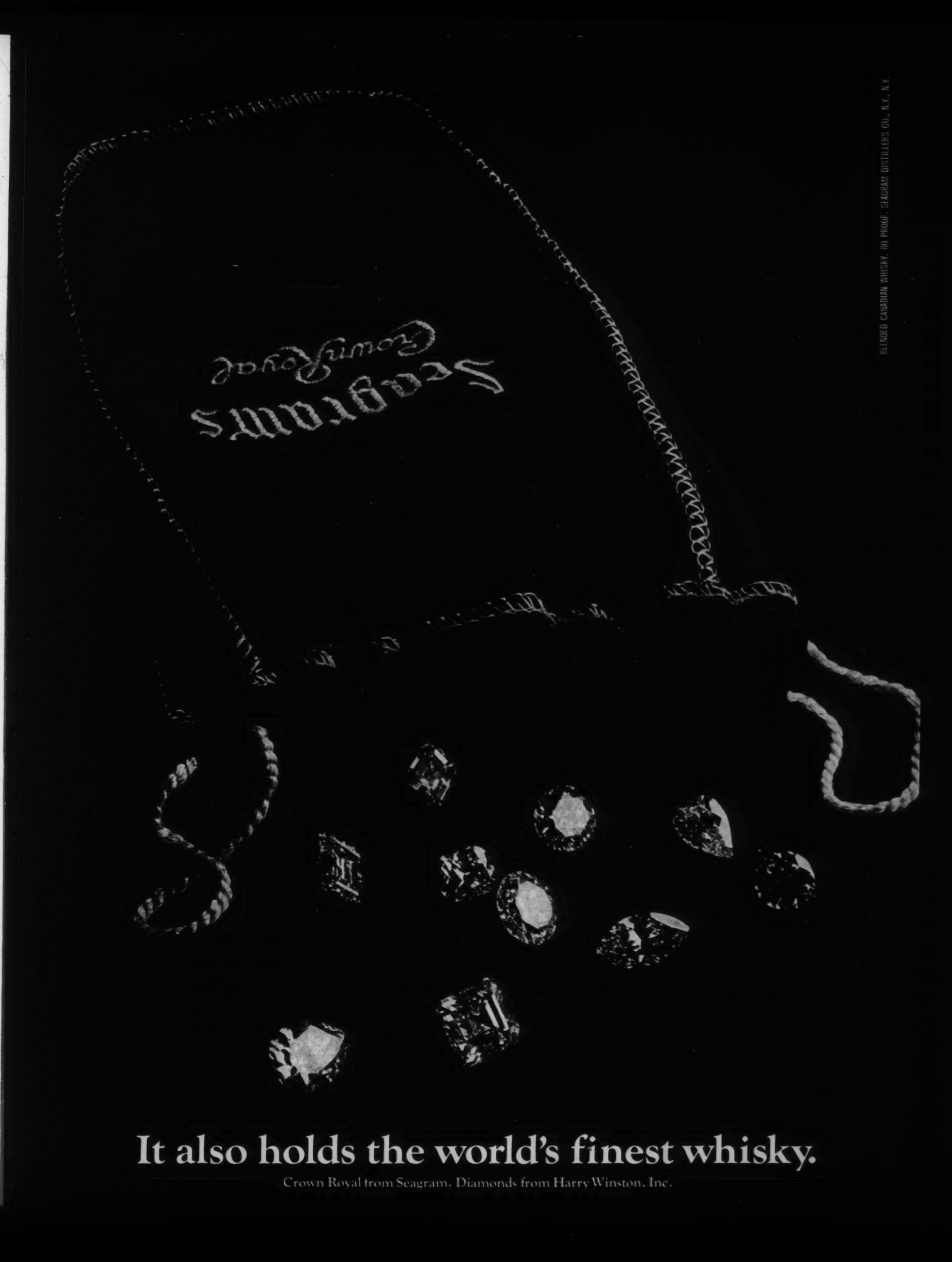
To pass through the breathing passages—avoiding the fine hair-like cilia and sticky mucous which lines the nose, trachea and the bronchial tree to the grape-like alveolar sacs which make up the lung—a particle must be extremely narrow, 3.5 microns in diameter or .0001 of an inch. Such a fiber cannot be seen by the naked eye; it is too small to glimpse even under an ordinary microscope.

When Cooper collected his filters from the insulation workers, he discovered that of all the fibers that floated through the air on a typical construction site, 20 percent could pass into the lungs.

Only one study has been completed by the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) among fiber glass workers. It showed a marked increase of deaths from lung disease but no increase of cancer. The scientists concluded, however, that because of the lag time between exposure and overt malignancy, "a potential carcinogenic effect of these fibers may not manifest itself in the workers for several additional years."

As a result, NIOSH is recommending federal standards, which would include annual physical exams for fiber glass workers, posted warning notices, protective clothing, and use of either respirators or ventilation systems to draw off the dust.

But there has been curiously little public discussion as to the potential hazards that may await the country's do-it-yourself homeowners, who are now being encouraged to roll out the fiber glass insulation in their enclosed attics. Other than encouraging us to wear old clothes, certainly promotions on behalf of power companies and the insulation industry avoid the issue. The Johns-Manville Corp. has no warning labels on its home insulation products—nor does it plan to add any. "Discussions of hazards have been highly over-exaggerated," says a company spokesman. ●



It also holds the world's finest whisky.

Crown Royal from Seagram. Diamonds from Harry Winston, Inc.

Washington heirlift/Entranced mammaries

The Insider

Politics

WIDE WORLD

Abe: Blistered

Ribicoff Rabid

Overheard in the Senate: Angry Abe Ribicoff (who felt that Bert Lance snowed him and his fellow interrogators during committee hearings) saying to a Senate colleague, "The question is not whether Bert Lance is leaving but where he's going—to Georgia or to jail."

Soviets: Lost that loving feeling

Those privy to Soviet Foreign Minister Andre Gromyko say that Russia's attitude toward American foreign policy lately is one of irritated confusion. The Soviet leaders apparently are angry about the growing part that cruise missiles appear to be playing in the American arms program: they believed that the Vladivostok arms agreement covered cruise missiles because of provisions prohibiting either side from deploying major weapons sytems. Reportedly, they believe that Carter has reneged.

Gromyko has expressed a genuine confusion about what Carter's international planners want, and as to whether or not his nation can enter safely into another arms agreement with the United States. Although they haven't been completely convinced another cold war's on the way, they don't feel the old snuggly Ford warmth anymore.

Muddy tracks in hallowed halls

PHOTO © NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC. 1977

Camera and Jimmy: Carpets ruined, heirlooms lifted

The White House won't allow the networks to enter into "A Day in the Life of the President" anymore. One reason is that NBC's was only done because of a promise made by Jimmy Carter during the campaign; another has to do with the herd of NBC camera crews and reporters that plowed into the Executive Mansion last April 14. The White House was furious: they tramped muddy boots onto the Oval Office's royal blue rug; one reporter put out a cigarette in a wedgewood ashtray that wasn't really meant to be an ashtray. It was ruined. Most damning of all, the press was held responsible for the disappearance of at least one national heirloom that seems to have been—let's not be polite—lifted.

LEE LOCKWOOD/BLACK STAR

Bailey and Helicopter: No, no, they can't take that away from me

The Boston Hijack

Desperate to raise money for a city whose financial situation had begun to be compared to (argh!) New York's, Mayor Kevin White spun the wheels of city government into action. He decided to crack down on unpaid parking violations and derelict taxpayers: it resulted in a thick-thumbed attempt this month to impound F. Lee Bailey's $80,000 helicopter on charges that the attorney owed Beantown some $18,000 in back taxes.

A year ago, White had been taken to political task for seeking the largest increase in property taxes in Boston history. Knowing he couldn't ask for another increase *and* remain mayor, he began scrambling for alternative sources of revenue.

He unveiled a "Rogue's Gallery" of delinquent taxpayers at a press conference—a modular display erected in the lobby of City Hall featuring photographs of "rogues" and their properties. The mayor's press secretary promised that the pictures of 18 parties owing some $20 million would soon appear on downtown billboards. Some of the accused (the Penn Central railroad, two state legislators, a member of the Governor's Council) were around to face the public humiliation. One, Lionel Goldman, wasn't. He'd been dead for five years and his relatives announced a sizeable suit against the city for defamation.

Meanwhile, the zealous Assistant City Treasurer Newall Cook raised his sights and decided to seize Bailey's helicopter and display it on Boston Common as a dramatic object lesson. He and three policemen raced to Plymouth Airport, only to find the helicopter departed over state lines. (Bailey immediately posted $5,000 security pending a ruling on the disputed tax bill for his Boston office.)

—Craig Waters

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Herb! Herb! Look at TV! There's Bebe!

Segretti: "Fraud"

The ratings may have been something of a disappointment to ABC, but in at least a handful of southern California dens and knotty pine rec rooms, last week's *Washington: Behind Closed Doors* was being watched with rabid interest.

One of these viewers, Donald Segretti (aka, "The Dirty Trickster"), got a chance to see his own brief moment in the sooty political sunshine of the Nixon years and was not impressed. "They've sold this thing as history to the American people, but it's really a bit of a fraud," Segretti says. "They make every one in the Nixon organization seem like idiots or paranoid schizophrenics—I didn't meet any idiots or paranoid schizophrenics when I was there."

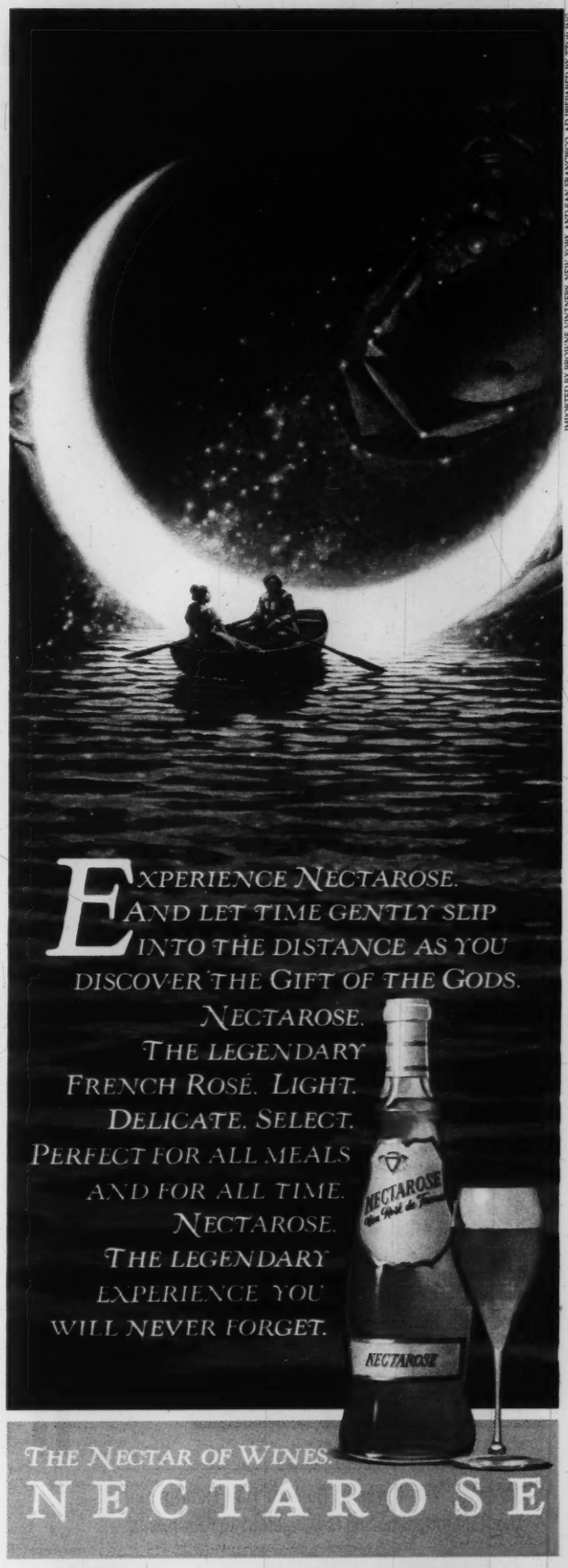
Segretti, now living modestly at his parents' Los Angeles home, was all but ruined by the event roughly portrayed in the televised version of John Ehrlichman's book. He bitterly labeled the series "a miscarriage" with little historical value. "It looks like a Washington soap opera," he concluded, "and it has all the reality of a soap."

Others who were, and still are, close to former President Nixon complain that the series reveals the media's desire to banish the Nixon administration to the darkest, seamiest corner of history. Pat Hillings, a one-time Orange county Republican chairman and former congressman from Nixon's old Whittier district, who speaks regularly with Nixon and visits San Clemente often, says the Monckton-Nixon character, played by Jason Robards, bears little resemblance to the real thing. "Nixon's not that way. He's the type of guy who likes to have you over for a drink," Hillings maintains. "The idea of having him not smiling except when the cameras were on is ridiculous. I've been with him in front of hundreds of hotels and planes where Nixon would smile or talk whether the cameras were on or not."

Other Nixon partisans, meanwhile, stayed true to their on-air images and refused to call back about their feelings concerning Washington. (Among them: Maurice Stans and Roy Ash.) When reached, some, like former presidential counsel Herbert Kalmbach, decided to stonewall: "I don't have any comment," Herb said brusquely. Asked why, he shot back, "Look, I've just made a policy about not commenting about anything to the press. I've made that a policy. A policy! I won't depart from that."

Not surprisingly, the Nixon staff in San Clemente also refused to volunteer any comment. Neither the former president nor his man Friday, Colonel Jack Brennan, seem to want to comment on the show—at least not for free.

—Joel Kotkin.



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The Philadelphia Story ain't pretty, or what a reporter did for her story

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL BENSON

Rizzo: The press was on his side

They say that a reporter should do anything to get the story. But, at the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, things might have gotten out of hand.

It seems that their ex-political reporter, one Laura Foreman, (now with the *New York Times* Washington bureau), had met a powerful State senator when she was covering the Philadelphia political beat who became a key source and a major subject of many of the stories she covered. The Senator, political boss Henry J. (Buddy) Cianfrani, also became her lover.

The Foreman-Cianfrani love affair quickly made the rumor mill of other political reporters and politicians in summer 1975. When two *Inquirer* reporters, Anthony Lame and Aaron Epstein, heard the story, they asked reporter Greg Walter to immediately confront his superior editor with it. And a candidate for mayor at the time wrote a letter to the *Inquirer* complaining that Ms. Foreman's coverage favored his opponent, Cianfrani's candidate, incumbent Mayor Frank L. Rizzo in the primary. Foreman remained as the beat reporter throughout the campaign. With the help of Cianfrani, Rizzo won.

Finally, Foreman was transferred to help the paper cover the presidential campaign. Later, she left for the *Times*, where she worked peaceably, until last month when her cover was blown.

The senator has been under investigation for several months by various federal agencies for tax evasion and other offenses. It was learned that Foreman was not only having an affair with her chief source and subject, but that he had given her close to $20,000 worth of gifts—a $6,000 mink coat, some expensive jewelry; he helped her furnish her center city apartment and he helped her purchase an $18,000 Morgan sports car.

The *Philadelphia Bulletin* was hot on the Foreman-Cianfrani trail and the *Inquirer*, reluctantly, ran with the story about its reporter. Embarrassed, the *Inquirer*'s Executive Editor, Eugene V. Roberts, assigned (after they requested the assignment) Pulitzer Prize winning reporters Don Barlett and James Steele to look into the affair and write on it as they saw fit.

The *Inquirer* newsroom is a hotbed of gossip and paranoia. Reporters are scared that there will be a major newsroom shake-up. There is talk that the Cianfrani-Foreman relationship might have had influence on the Pulitzer Prize that the *Inquirer* won last year for the exposes on an upstate mental institution-prison. (Cianfrani ran the Senate Committee that looked into the allegations of the story; Foreman and one of the reporters who did the story were very good friends; and, of course, a story *must* have some kind of legislative follow-up to capture a Pulitzer.)

Still, Foreman remains at the *Times*. Abe Rosenthal, the *Times* Executive Editor has been stonewalling it; refusing to get on the phone with any reporters to discuss his reporter. "We don't care if she sleeps with the elephants," says one Washington reporter, "as long as she doesn't cover the circus."

Cianfrani remains a gentleman, as far as Ms. Foreman goes. "Why do you people keep picking on her?" he complained. "She's a wonderful woman and a wonderful reporter. Why don't you pick on me instead? I'm news. Leave her alone." —*Tony Green*

Seventies

Penthouse pounds Perk

Pornography is fighting back against Cleveland Mayor Ralph J. Perk, and has claimed victory.

Perk, who has made pornography the main plank in his campaign for a third term as mayor, was permanently enjoined by a federal judge from interfering with the sale of *Penthouse* and any similar magazine at a Cleveland Hopkins Airport newsstand. *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Hustler*, *Oui* and other magazines were removed from the stand on orders from the mayor on June 3.

The judge ruled the mayor's order to remove "all magazines and books which contain explicit pictures of nudity or explicit descriptions of sexual activity" unconstitutional because no court had ruled the magazines obscene.

What did Arch Simonson say that was so terrible?

WIDE WORLD

Simonson: Salacious solomonizing

Some people have wondered just what Wisconsin Judge Arch Simonson said to earn the avalanche of outrage that resulted in his disrobing in Wisconsin's first successful judicial recall election. (He was beaten by attorney Moria Kreuger.) Simonson's exact self-destructive sentiment was: "This community [Madison] is well known to be sexually permissive . . . go down State Street and the University [of Wisconsin] area. I used to see girls clothed like that and I had to pay a lot of money to go into the South Side of Chicago to view what I see on State Street today." Continuing his line of argument that a 16-year-old's raping a 15-year-old girl was a "normal reaction" to sexual permissiveness in society, Simonson ranted against women appearing in open court "with the nipples fully exposed . . . and their dresses up over the cheeks of their butts and we have this sort of thing in our schools. Are we supposed to take an impressionable person, 15 or 16 years of age, who can respond to something like that and punish that person severely because they react to it normally?"

The young rapist, who, by the way, was sentenced to a year of home supervision, was arrested three weeks ago for stealing a bicycle.

—*Elliot Pinsley*

Parks, Miss America: Outside, dozens cheered UPI

They also serve: There she is, Miss Joy Solovjev (of Burien, Washington)

Atlantic City, New Jersey:

•Suzy Cue of the Bronx sits in general admission, section 24, of the mammoth Convention Hall, so far from the gilded runway that the Miss America contestants look less like women than pinheads. Somewhere in her sixties, and thin as a wisp, she swears, "This year's girls are all beauties"; the pink, baby blue and purple-striped scenery is "more beautiful than any artist could paint"; and their fashion gowns, "Why ain't they beautiful."

For the last 13 years Suzy made sure her week's summer vacation coincided with the National Pageant Week. And though her eyeglasses are minus a lens she's seen enough over the years to have become something of a beauty expert, having attended 13 televised Miss America contests, 13 Miss America Pageant Boardwalk Illuminated Parades and 26 Miss America preliminary competitions—"I wouldn't miss one for the world."

•Jack C. Bushnog of Muskegon, Michigan, the first president of the National Association of Miss America State Pageants, has judged more than 27 state pageants, 400 local contests and has personally recruited hundreds of entrants by scouting through hometown newspapers for pictures of "good-looking girls". This year, he's spent more than $2,200 so that his daughter, his girlfriend and he could join 5,000 other state and local pageant personnel at the week-long national pageant convention. As he bites into a chunk of Kansas beef, he explains why. "It gets into your blood . . . The pageants are an escape. They're something I can put my teeth into, sink my feet in. Plus, I like young ladies."

•Joy Solovjev of Burien, Washington, does not feel like the black sheep of the family even though Natasha, her little sister for 18 years, is up for Miss America. They have, after all, shared the same bedroom all their lives and the same interests, piano and ballet, about which they've never been competitive. And, in any case, 20-year-old Joy, large and pleasant-looking, has been approached "by who knows how many people, who want to know why I didn't enter Miss America."

Admittedly, the fuss over her sister has been difficult for Joy in some ways, but she's gotten over it. She and her mother have come to view her sister's entry in the pageant as a "family affair": "We're part of her life—through our common ideals—so we're part of the competition."

"The way I see it," says Joy firmly, "is that whoever is striving in our family, well, we all have to chip in and help." Joy pauses a moment and adds, smiling, "It can never hurt to help out because everyone is beautiful in her own way."

•Joan Faunce is in her twelfth year as pageant hostess, specifically make-up hostess, because head hostess Mildred Brect believes in the old theory, "If the glove fits, wear it," and has assigned each of the hundred hostesses to the job they can do best. Joan Faunce's forte is "how to make the most of what you've got."

Faunce and the other two make-up hostesses study tapes of each preliminary competition and then announce to the girls which of them look good, which didn't, and why. The most common problems: wearing too much make-up and the wrong colors. "Years ago the girls had to look the stereotype, now you can be what's you."

—Debra Weiner

The Gospel according to Matt(achine)

Denver artist Gary Michael has a somewhat unusual theory about the life of Jesus Christ. In scholarly terms, he is prepared to argue that Christ was gay. What sets Michael's view apart from similar but more oddball hypotheses is that he is an ordained minister (Disciples of Jesus) with a respectable measure of training in philosophy and theology (Ph.D., University of Chicago Divinity School). And he's refined his theory into a book-length manuscript.

Michael offered the text to the large publishing houses in 1973, but most "turned it down out of hand," rejecting the subject matter as "inappropriate." Michael refused to rewrite the work for popular magazines: he "wanted a scholarly audience." Michael's interest is not in "proving Jesus was a gay," but in pursuing the "theological implications."

The arguments in *Jesus Christ, Homosexual* begin with relatively simple observations: there was no theological basis for Christ to have surrounded himself with males; there are only two instances in the New Testament where Christ as much as touches a woman and both encounters are awkward; throughout his life, Christ displayed "ambivalence to the institution of marriage." Christ never repeats the "emphatic and unequivocal" Old Testament condemnation of homosexuality, although he had several very logical opportunities to do so. When you put these facts together, Michael argues, "they're like the threads of a cloth. They add up to a garment."

Michael, not a homosexual himself, says he has no particular interest in the gay movement. But a friend convinced him to mail a copy to Anita Bryant. "I must alert you to the irony in the campaign you wage in the name of Christianity," Michael wrote in the accompanying letter. "Using the Bible itself as evidence, [the manuscript] shows not only that Christ was a homosexual but that his being so in no way diminishes his traditional status as God's son.

"On the contrary," Michael argued, "God's having made his son a homosexual is quite consistent with His proclivity throughout the Old Testament for confounding human expectations," a view of Biblical history Michael characterizes as God's "radical iconoclasm." Michael still hasn't heard from Anita.

—Ron Wolf

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Anti-bombing legalized in California

Angered by its continued vulnerability to terrorist bombings, corporate America has begun to fight back. On September 7, the California state legislature passed a bill making it a felony to threaten private citizens with terrorist attacks. The bill was drawn up at the behest of California's largest utility, Pacific Gas and Electric Company, whose executives have been a favored target of underground terrorist groups. (The New World Liberation Front has especially dogged it, though no casualities have yet been reported.)

California will become the eleventh state to enact such "anti-terrorist threat" legislation within the past four years, and similar provisions are contained in an omnibus crime bill (what's left of the notorious S.1, now called S. 1437) currently under consideration in the U.S. Congress. Critics charge that the new wave of legislation has a dangerous potential for use in muzzling political dissent.

Northern California American Civil Liberties Union attorney Brent Barnhart contends that the California anti-terrorist-threat law could be employed against organizations like Cesar Chavez's United Farmworkers Union because of threatening or provocative language on their picket signs and political placards. "The real problem could be down in the (San Joaquin) Valley," Barnhart explains, "where the law sits on the books for years and then Bang! it's used to go after groups like the farmworkers." *Paul Grabowicz*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL RICHER

Now casting for Ward Cleaver in new rock musical:

We grow old, wear our trousers rolled, and move right: In giving a concert in Birmingham, England, Eric Clapton told his audience to vote for the "prophet" Enoch Powell. Powell, Britain's most successful racist politician would, Clapton believed, prevent "foreigners" from turning Britain into "a colony within the next ten years." No one mistook the meaning of his euphemistic "foreigner"—Powell ("the only politician man enough to run this country," Clapton later said) advocates the forced repatriation of Africans, Pakistanis and other undesirables. Also their English-born children.

Another former-flaming youth is musician Peter Townshend, who tried to reassure prospective neighbors in the upper-middle-class area he was moving into that he'd become respectable. "I have very few friends in the pop business. I never have parties. I never play loud music at home."

Mind & Body

The Prisoner of Second Avenue is happy

New hope for beleaguered urban dwellers: contrary to virtually all popular assumptions, recent findings by a Columbia University psychiatric sociologist suggested that not only do city people suffer fewer mental disorders than do small town and rural people, but also that mental health in urban areas is improving with each successive generation in this century.

Dr. Leo Srole was director of the Midtown Manhattan Study, which found, based on interviews conducted in 1954, that 23 percent of Manhattan's East Side residents (from all economic brackets) were in need of psychiatric help. Since then, he has discovered a similar study conducted around the same time in rural Stirling County, Nova Scotia (20 people per square mile, compared to 75,000 per square mile in Manhattan). A comparison of demographically correlative subsamples from each study showed that the Manhattanites evidenced significantly less mental impairment than did the Nova Scotians.

Finally, Srole's researchers recently went back and re-interviewed as many of the participants as they could find (695 out of the original 1,660) from the Midtown Manhattan Study. They found that as these people grew older, urban life had no discernible negative effect on their mental health. Furthermore, those people in, say, their 40's now are much less in need of psychiatric help than those in their 40's in the 1954 study, and these figures held true for other generations as well.

Srole attributes the mental superiority of the city dweller to "the old adage that the big city has more of everything."

—John Northland

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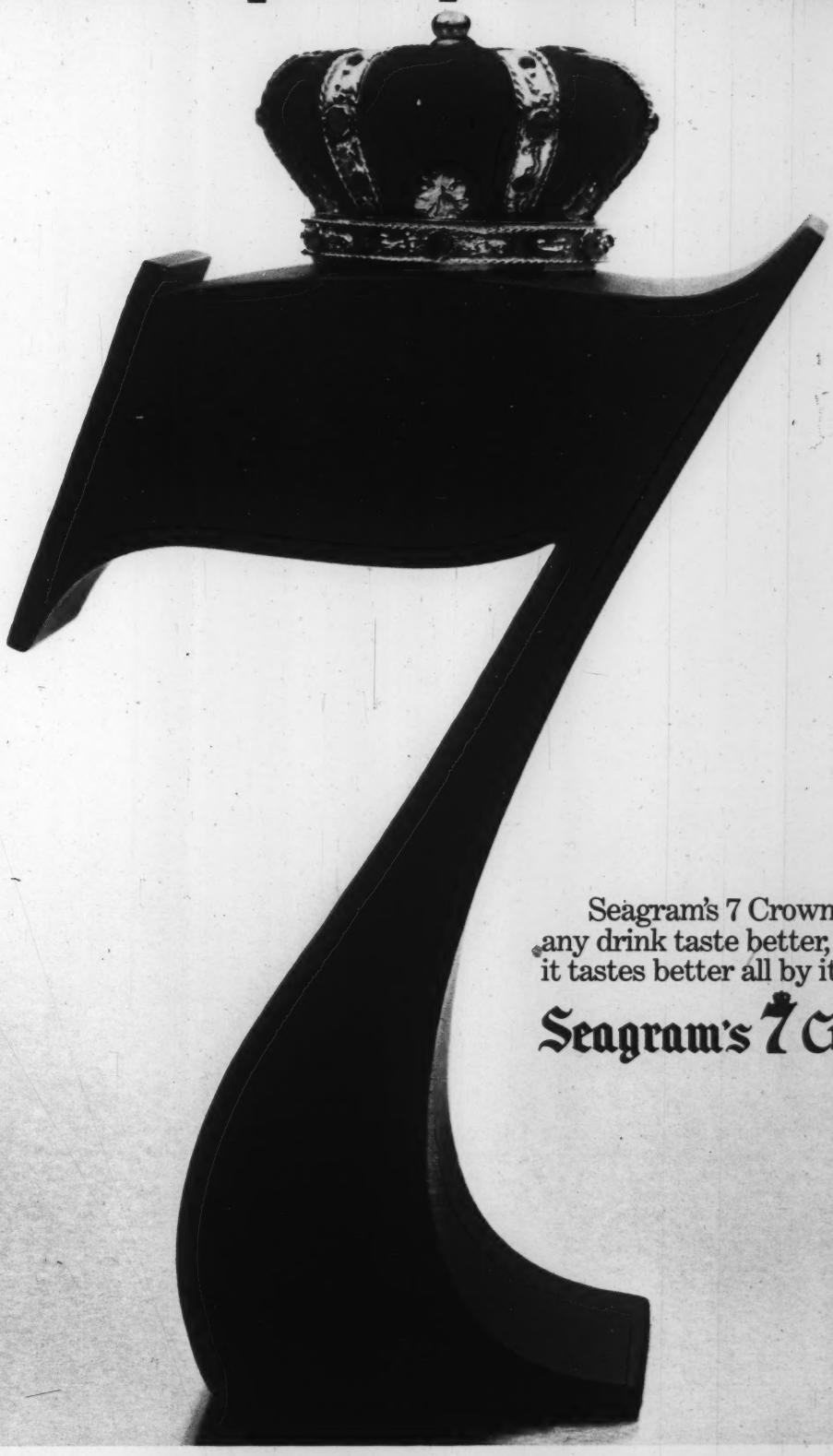

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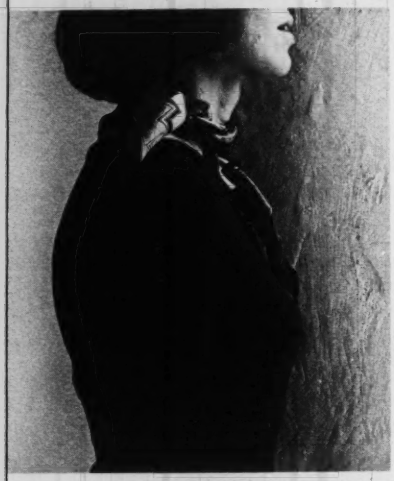


PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERTA BAYLEY

Author Whelton: Bust or bust

In August Diane Whelton noticed an item in the New York Post*: "A big bust is all in the mind." The item went on to explain how the New York Institute of Hypnotherapy could succeed where Mark Eden failed. Volunteers were wanted. Diane went for the phone, arranged for an application, and attended a meeting to test her susceptibility. In this, and subsequent dispatches, she will describe her attempts to become a bigger woman.*

On the evening of August 30, I walked into the Green Room at the New York Hilton and took a seat on the aisle. I looked around the room. A hundred other women were looking around the room too. We all had two things in common, and neither of them was obvious. I felt at ease immediately.

The meeting began with Sidney Petrie stating that he was going to "keep us abreast of new developments in breast augmentation research," then promising there would be no more *double entendres*. Petrie went on to explain the rationale behind the breast enlargement project. He pointed out that it is an established fact that psychosomatic factors can influence blood pressure, skin disorders, asthma and the entire endocrine system. Briefly: emotions can control physical functions, both voluntary and involuntary. The purpose of the Institute's experiment is to prove that breast development can be induced by hypnotic suggestion. Studies done as early as 1927 have indicated that the onset of puberty can be traumatic enough to inhibit normal breast development. The 1927 hypnosis study, Petrie told us, had acheived excellent results. If women can be helped to believe that their bust can be bigger, it may actually grow.

Petrie introduced Jerry Michaels, his chief hypnotist. We would be taking a standardized hypnotic susceptibility test, while monitors walked the aisles noting our responses to hypnotic suggestions. Michaels told us to get comfortable and focus on a spot on one hand. I stared at my left thumbnail as Michaels' calm, encouraged us to relax, let the tension drain away. I was very relaxed, but so aware of my relaxation that I doubted I could ever fall under Michaels' influence. He then suggested that our eyes close; mine were already shut. He took us through a series of nine exercises, such as imagining that one arm was an iron rod, then trying to bend it. I felt as though I could have bent it—it was my arm after all—but the iron rod did not want to be bent.

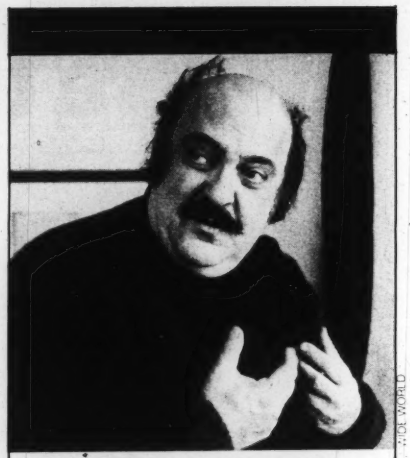
At the end of the exercises, Michaels told us that we would be waking up soon. He would count backwards from twenty to one. When he reached "five," we would begin to wake up, but we would not be able to remember the exercises we had just done until told to do so. At "one," we would wake up and scratch our left ankles.

" . . . Five, four, three, two, one." My ankle itched. "Now, Michaels said, "open your test booklet to the first page. You will have three minutes to describe the exercises you have just done. Go." I stared at my left thumbnail. For three minutes my mind was a blank. "Okay," Michaels said, "turn the page. You remember. Write what you remember." I remembered.

Still, I was convinced that I had failed the test. So I was pleasantly surprised to get Sidney Petrie's "Congratulations!" in the mail. I had "passed the necessary requirements . . . for our Breast Enlargement Study." I begin the program next week with a medical check up and a series of "before" photographs. At the end of twelve weeks I'll be examined to see what's up front, doc.

Syphilitic suds

A gay bath may have the connotation of someplace where you can get a happy washing, but we know what *really* happens in them—and it's not clean. Literally. Two researchers (gay themselves) took samplings of patrons' cultures in three Denver bathhouses and found the odds are one in three that a man visiting a gay bath will come away with gonorrhea or syphilis.



JOE WORLD

Zero's hour

Zero Mostel, who died two weeks ago, was called before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1955. Unlike many of the witnesses that passed before the Committee, Mostel was not cowed. (Why should he have been? He had the presence to crush the Americans *and* the Soviets together.) Mostel told the committee, "I will be glad to answer any questions of that sort where I don't have to talk about other individuals":

COUNSEL: Now you are in a great field . . .

MOSTEL: Sometimes.

COUNSEL: You are in a great field of entertainment of the American public. From now on, why don't you get far removed from groups that are known to be Communist dominated or Communist controlled . . .You can be a much better inspiration and joy to the American people if they knew that there is not a drop, not an inkpoint, not a penpoint of a favorable attitude by you toward the Communist conspiracy.

MOSTEL: My dear friend, I believe in the antiquated idea that a man works in his profession according to his ability rather than his political beliefs. When I entertain, my political beliefs are not spouted. As a matter of fact, I am casual about political beliefs, which I wouldn't tell anybody unless you are my friend and you are in my house.

COUNSEL: I am not asking about . . .

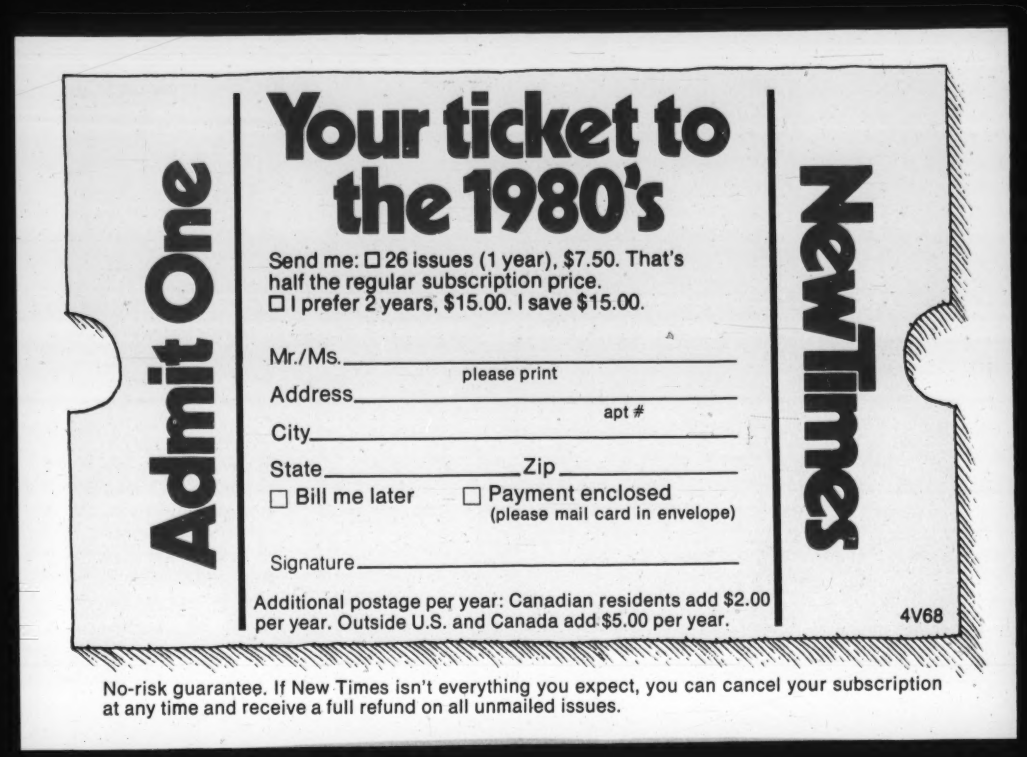
MOSTEL: And I have bad instant coffee I make, I'll tell you that.

COUNSEL: I am not asking about your political beliefs. .

MOSTEL: My dear friend, I believe in the idea that a human being should go onstage and entertain to the best of his ability and say whatever he wants to say, because we live, I hope, in an atmosphere of freedom in this country.

COUNSEL: The witness is excused. Thank you, Mr. Mostel. Remember what I said to you.

MOSTEL: You remember what I said to you.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AMERICA'S NEW RIGHT

By Andrew Kopkind

A decade after the antiwar movement, the left is in eclipse. But another activist campaign is gaining momentum. The issue this time: save the nuclear family

The talk of Bensenville, Illinois, is all about women's liberation, homosexual rights and abortion. Like thousands of communities around the country, this placid, featureless town in the far western reaches of suburban Chicago has suddenly been ignited by the burning social issues of the decade. The *Bensenville Chronicle* is heavy with hortatory letters and earnest editorials. The auditorium at Blackhawk Junior High School rings with righteous rhetoric. Groups of militant women have left their noodle rings and needlepoint and meet into the night to draft pamphlets, plan demonstrations and raise their consciousness. As this short summer wanes, the grassroots movements in Bensenville show all the familiar road signs of popular political struggle that Americans have been reading about since the sixties: that is, every sign but one. In Bensenville, the arrows all point right.

Dorothy Waldvogel, a 46-year-old mother, Mormon and militant in the Bensenville backlash, sells sweet corn by the streetside on the outskirts of town. In the lush, late harvest season, her farm wagon is laden with the ripe vegetables she and her husband grow on 53 acres of leased land. Behind the stand, her 1968 Buick LeSabre is filled with propaganda produce no less ripe than the corn: copies of "The Phyllis Schlafly Report" ("International Women's Year: A Front for Radicals and Lesbians"), a wallet-size comic book denouncing the Equal Rights Amendment ("Do you want the SEXES fully integrated like the RACES?"), and Xeroxes of a letter of commendation and support Waldvogel received from North Carolina's Senator Jesse Helms, a Washington anchor for the anti-ERA, anti-homosexual and anti-abortion axis.

"You sort of hear things that you don't really feel good about," Waldvogel said, recalling the first phases of her radicalization in right-wing politics last winter. "There was abortion, and then the homosexual movement was getting *so big*. And then Illinois was the key state for the ERA. You know something is wrong, but you need someone to tell you how to get involved.

"So some of the girls down at the church made up a list of state legislators—I don't know how they got the names, but they did. I sat down and wrote 65 letters, all about the importance of the family and how male and female are different. I mean, how can a law make males and females the same? To me, the ERA is an attack on our system of life—call it tradition—the way that God intended it to be."

Waldvogel's convenient theology may be widely disputed; the unisex Hell prophesized by ERA opponents could exist nowhere on this earth. But she can find convincing confirmation of her belief system in the mundane success of her comrades' campaigns to make God's Word into common law. Beyond Bensenville blow winds of change that have dramatically shifted direction since the late storms of liberal and Left protest subsided.

The ERA was defeated in Illinois and every other state (save Indiana) where it's been at issue in the last two years; chances for its ratification by at least four more states in time for the

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE/IMAGE BANK; ART BY JAY HOPPER

Anti-abortion action

On August 16, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops announced a drive to stamp out abortion in every aspect of public policy and private practice in America. Even before the current outbreak of anti-abortion fervor, nine states had voted to call a Constitutional Convention to write an abortion prohibition; anti-abortionists vow that the question will be put to every state legislature come January, and if 25 more ratify the call, the first such convention since 1789 will be assembled. "And that would be the most dangerous political game in American history." ACLU Director Aryeh Neier has warned.

Illinois has led the way in the holy war against abortion. It was, after all, in Chicago that anti-abortion pickets heckled Jimmy Carter just as his campaign for the presidency was picking up steam, and Auxiliary Bishop Alfred Abramowicz made "right-to-life" an issue by bringing up the delicate subject at a Carter rally. And Congressman Henry Hyde, author of the federal anti-abortion laws, is an Illinois native son.

Milking the sacred cow for all it's worth is Joseph Scheidler, chief organizer for a coalition of anti-abortion forces in Illinois, loosely grouped under the title "Illinois Pro-Life Coalition, Inc." Scheidler holes up in a murky office behind the Chicago Board of Trade at the edge of the Loop. A single secretary juggles the phones, makes excuses for missed appointments, and passes out literature showing mutilated fetuses; meanwhile, Scheidler commands the troops in the nation's most successful campaign against abortion.

Scheidler was reportedly a week away from ordination as a priest when he slid back into secular life and opted for a career as a lay crusader. "And it *is* a crusade," he told me amiably. "We are righteous as hell. We consider ourselves the good guys, the white hats."

Two years ago, Scheidler's crew succeeded in getting the state legislature to pass the most restrictive anti-abortion law in the country–making it illegal even to *advocate* "prohibited" acts of abortion. That law was stopped by a court injunction, but this year the legislature passed four more anti-abortion laws in its place.

"It was an orgy of repression," Lois Kraft, a Chicago attorney who works with right-to-abortion groups, said with a shudder. The laws banned Medicaid abortions, again prohibited advocacy of certain abortion rights, and protected doctors who refused to perform or assist in abortions, even in cases where a mother's life is in danger.

Scheidler tries to be careful to keep the abortion issue separate from other causes, but his enthusiasm sometimes will not allow sharp distinctions. One August day, for instance, his anti-abortion telephone "action line" was running on about "welfare fraud" and its connecton, somehow, to "abortion mills." He claims to get 250 or 300 calls a day on his hot-line, and the subliminal messages are not lost on the callers. They will respond, sooner or later, with reflex reaction on the range of New Right issues. —A.K.

1979 deadline new seem bleak. Ordinances guaranteeing protection against discrimination to homosexuals lost decisively in the South Florida referendum as well as in city councils and state capitols across the nation; previously progressive Austin, Texas, for example, voted down a gay rights bill that the local Civil Liberties Union director said "would have passed with all flags flying" two years ago. Congress, the Supreme Court and several state legislatures have grievously wounded the new body of laws giving women the right to choose abortion, and the nation Catholic hierarchy is steamrolling the drive for an anti-abortion amendment to the U. S. Constitution.

Behind the New Right vanguard on the "pro-family," anti-liberation front are troops fighting scores of battles that may seem separate, but appeal to the same backlash sensibilities. Sooner or later, pro-family activists find themselves *pro*: death penalty, Laetrile, nuclear power, local police, Panama Canal, saccharin, FBI, CIA, defense budget, public prayer and real estate growth. More likely than not, they are *anti*: busing, welfare, public employee unions, affirmative action, amnesty, marijuana, communes, gun control, pornography, the 55-m.p.h. speed limit, day-care centers, religious ecumenism, sex education, car pools and the Environmental Protection Agency. Of course there are exceptions everywhere; Boston's leading conservative theorist, David Brudnoy, is as passionately for gay rights as he is against abortion rights. Former John Birch Society director John Rousselot, now a California congressman, says privately that he is for freedom of choice with marijuana as well as Laetrile. But the overwhelming political significance lies in the new conjunction of all those issues, not in the exceptions.

Liberals, radicals, reformists and progressives who have done battle these many years on the opposite side of those questions would like to believe that the ideology and the logistics of the new right wing movements are devised and controlled by a few conspirators at the top—Phyllis Schlafly, Jesse Helms, a Catholic cardinal here or a John Birch birdwatcher there: a handful of Reaganites, racists and young Republicans. But the Left's devil theory is no more plausible than the Right's. There is a great social upheaval at the heart of America that now finds an expression in the new constellation of traditionalist, individualist and fundamentalist movements. It feeds the established politicians and practitioners of the Right, and it is well fed by them. But to disregard its authentic roots in home-town America is to misread the new national mood, and to become its more vulnerable victim.

Nobody's perfect, but Dorothy Waldvogel is as nearly perfect a product of the new social backlash as may be found in its Midwest heartland. "I'd rather be home cooking and caring for my family, doing embroidery, than what I'm doing," she told me earnestly. "But a force greater than myself is magnetically drawing me to pursue it. I guess I feel a responsibility to inform other women what's going on. We've just got to protect the family.

"The family!" she repeated excitedly. "Where else can you go at Christmas but back to your family?"

If a lonely Whopper in a deserted Burger King is the pervasive fear-fantasy of the American seventies, turkey and the trimmings *en famille* is surely an alternative of choice. There may be other credible options, but none is immediately apparent in Bensenville. For Dorothy Waldvogel, as for many other women of her social location, "the family" is the best available rock in a storm-tossed sea of contradictions.

Out there on Thorndale Road where she sells her produce and peddles her pamphlets, the contradictions tumble down at every turn. The pastoral peace is shattered by the artillery thunder of jets streaking across the cornfields from O'Hare Airport, just a few miles to the east. Suburbia is approaching almost as fast: a "Locate Your Business Here" sign has gone up a few hundred yards down the road from the Waldvogel farm stand, and a fast-food franchise occupies a nearby intersection. Soon enough, there will be no land left for planting.

Bensenville's biggest billboard advertises the Unisex Hair Styling shop, and despite Waldvogel's nostalgia for strict sex roles, she shows up each morning at the old stand in men's shoes, white socks, blue jeans, a plain shirt—and hair as long and loose as Peter Frampton's unisex hair stylist ever created. Only a thin veneer of pale lipstick prevents her full participation in the integrated sex

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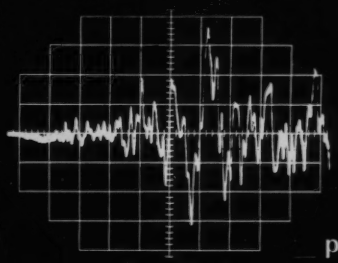

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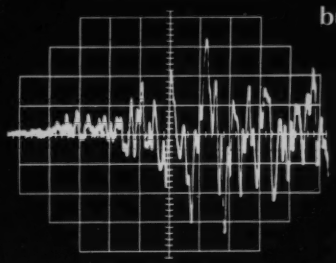

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"I understand what women go through," Waldvogel confided. "I've been divorced. I know about unequal credit laws. I couldn't get the water company to put the bill in my name. I needed that law against sex discrimination. But I don't know what these women libbers are trying to do with this country except get us stirred up. I think to myself, what are they doing to me out there? *What are they doing?*" Her voice rose in passion and evident fear, just as a customer pulled up to the stand for two dozen ears.

Married and a mother before she was 17, Waldvogel held her first family nucleus together for a quarter of a century. She and her husband built a successful janitorial service in an Indiana town, then sold it to a partner whose business behavior was a bit too sharp for the Waldvogels' liking. They had moved to Arizona and begun a similar business when she decided her husband was no better than their previous partner. "We just didn't hold to the same values," she said flatly.

One day during the worst years of her domestic turmoil, Mormon missionaries came to the door on a proselytizing tour, and in a flash Dorothy Waldvogel saw the light. "I had been hooked on cigarettes and I hated myself for it, but when I started going to church I was able to stop smoking," she confessed. "That's what churches are supposed to do—to teach us to understand ourselves and to do what's good for us."

What was good for her was to leave her husband, pack up the kids, and return to her roots in the Midwest—where she promptly met a Mormon widower; she was remarried in a year. Life was complete with the new family, the farm stand, embroidery and church socials—until the ERA vote came up in Illinois. In the supporting warmth of Mormon conservatism, Waldvogel began her activist career by lobbying legislators against ratification. Then she "and a bunch of the girls" made a bigger plunge into politics. One night last June, they piled into a car and headed for their state's preparatory meeting for the International Women's Year National Conference scheduled for November in Houston.

The 50 state IWY meetings have provided the battlegrounds this year in the eruptive war of women against women. The purpose is to set agendas and choose delegates for Houston; but the real prize of battle is the definition of feminism: whether Americans will accept the new terms of liberation, or restore an earlier concept of womanhood based on separation and inequality. Sizable stores of political power reside in each camp. Despite furious fights, feminists of the left—led by the National Organization of Women in a coalition of liberationist groups—have been able to withstand the fire from anti-ERA, anti-lesbian, anti-abortion forces of the Right. There have been some disasters for the NOW side: Mormons in Utah, fundamentalists in Mississippi and Catholics in several midwestern states have routed the Left with religious fervor. But at the June meeting in Normal, Illinois, 500 women bearing backlash banners were beaten by the NOW liberationists after bitter political confrontations.

Whatever else that event was, it became a major milestone in the political odyssey of Dorothy Waldvogel.

"I have never been the same since," she said with a shake of her long hair. She and "the girls" walked out in protest against the Left's "manipulation" of the meeting, and caucused later with the assistance of organizers from Phyllis Schlafly's ferocious Eagle Forum, the nationwide anti-ERA commissariat, based in a suburb of St. Louis, Missouri. What they all decided was to make a permanent counter-revolution against women's liberation in Illinois.

Waldvogel hurried back to Bensenville and began writing letters and pamphleteering. She broke into print on the "Opinion" page of the *Bensenville Chronicle*, decrying the resolutions of the Normal IWY meeting, which advocated "rights for homosexuals, gays and lesbians to marry and adopt children. We need to unite," she argued, "if

Backlash culture

Manifestations of the New Right are not always immediately discernible. Future-shocked housewives may provide the political impetus, but the "New Right style" is swathed in sophistication and is embraced most heartily by old lefties, gays and kids. Thus:

• When Barry Manilow thrills his teeny-bopper fans with a medley of commercial jingles, it's more than Corporate Art. "You deserve a break today" and "Have it your way" provide a subliminal message for the otherwise impotent citizen. New Populist anthems?

• Punk rock assumes a family against which to rebel and seeks to reaffirm a sense of gender-imperative. Butch is back—even for girls.

• Imamu A. Baraka, nee LeRoi Jones, a reborn Communist, denounced homosexuality as a "class" disease.

• New York liberal intellectuals, chafed by semantics and despairing of public taste, finally drew the line at *Hustler* and engaged in a bitter dispute over Larry Flynt's Constitutional rights.

• Left-wing pragmatists view the ERA and Gay Rights as political kamikaze runs.

• The new "decadence," once part of a gay subculture, has been mass-marketed and homogenized. Computerized disco franchises—identical as Burger Kings—now provide the youth of America with a no-fault exhaust system.

• The Unique Clothing Warehouse, a hip purveyor of recycled uniforms and other military gear, has opened an annex at Macy's.

• Cocaine, the preferred drug of the Third Reich, is now the preferred drug of the Bloomingdale's circuit.

• The last scene from *Star Wars* is a direct, shot-by-shot steal from *Triumph of the Will*, a documentary by Hitler's propagandist, Leni Riefenstahl.

• Erstwhile Yippie Jerry Rubin is attending a seminar in Money Consciousness.

• Self-help books proselytize power as its own justification; mediocrity as its own reward.

• New women's sex novels of the confessional genre contain the same moral as gothics and *Cosmo* . . . and echo the sentiments of this summer's hottest single: "I need a man!"

• Mental health, once a national concern, has been regurgitated as the Me Decade. *I* deserve a break today.

—Tracy Young

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Ginade: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill with lemonade. Stir. Add lemon slice.

Belmont: ½ oz cu

oz. each sweet vermouth, brandy, highball glass. Fill with gi lemon peel twist.

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Gin & Cola: 1½ ozs. Gordon's glass over ice cubes. Fill with of lime.

Highball: 1½ ozs. Gordon's glass filled with ice. Twist i lemon peel. Pour on ginge

TV Special: 1½ ozs. eac orange juice over ice cu Fill glass with ginger ale.

Lady Shake: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. Cointreau, ½ oz. lemon juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass.

Gin Bloody Mary: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of ⅓ lime wedge. Stir well over ice.

Hawaii: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. pineapple juice over ice cubes in highball glass. Add cherry.

Dry Martini: 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth. Stir well in pitcher over ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over rocks. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive, pearl onion.

Gin Daiquiri: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, ½ oz. lime juice, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass or on rocks.

Gin Sour: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of a half lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Strain into chilled sour glass. Add splash of soda. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.

Gimlet: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. sweetened lime juice. Stir well over ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

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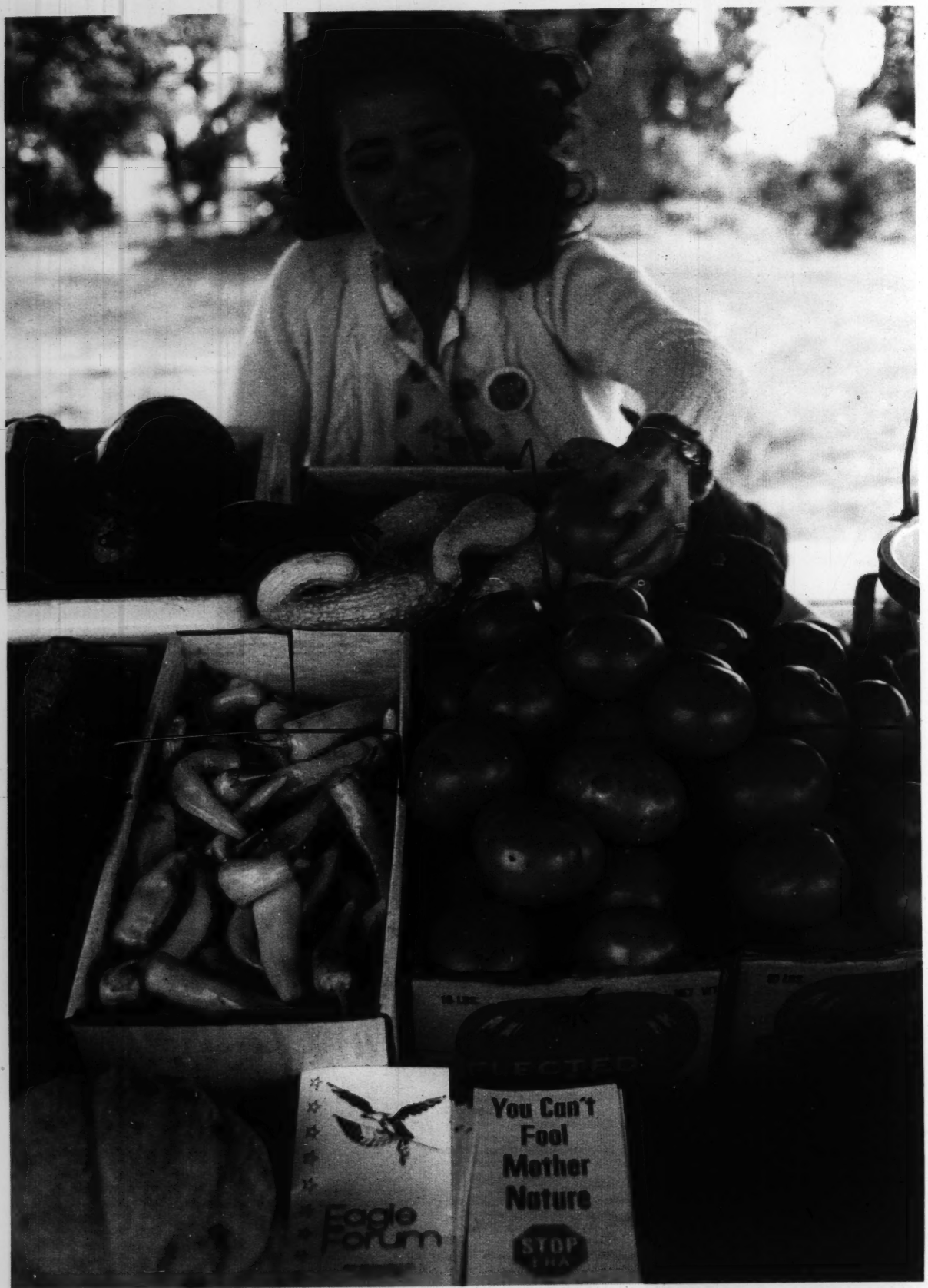

Dorothy Waldvogel at her vegetable stand: "How can a law make males and females the same?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM ENGLAND

we are to stop the destruction of our families and the decline of moral values being thrust upon us."

So enthusiastic was the response to that letter that Waldvogel was propelled to the leadership of the backlash movement in Bensenville. She easily got the use of a hall at Blackhawk Junior High for a rally of her partisans. By the merest coincidence, Phyllis Schlafly was due to pass through Bensenville that night on her way to the airport (by a circuitous but opportune route) and agreed to address the throng. Almost 300 people packed the room, donated $105 in small change (reimbursing Waldvogel for the cost of printing flyers) and convinced Waldvogel that her immediate future, at least, lay in political organizing.

"I've gone all around town," she reported proudly. "I went over to the Catholic church and talked to the priest. I told him that we as Christians have to unite against the evil that's taking over this country. It's evil to allow murder of little babies under our Constitution. It's evil to allow homosexuals to marry and be adoptive parents. It's evil to have federally funded day-care centers, although it's not evil to have babysitters of your own—as long as you don't encourage it in the whole country. It's evil to bus your children across the city when you live across the street from a perfectly good school."

She gave me a perfectly good, ripe red tomato and a tiny cardboard amulet of Morton's salt. It was perfectly delicious. I jumped down from my perch on her wagon and prepared to leave Bensenville when she indicated she had one last thought to convey.

"You see," she began, "there are evil things and there are good things and we are put on this earth to choose. That's our whole purpose. My own belief is that Lucifer is trying to make it hard for people to have children, to have families. So I *have* to get involved. I can't just stay home and do nothing. After what I've learned, I can't think of anything any more. I put down an afghan I was making for my daughter's graduation that day I went to the meeting at Normal, and I can't even finish it."

Far from Thorndale Road, the "magnetic force" compelling Dorothy Waldvogel to action may be less mysterious than she imagines. The contradictions of her life and hard times and her own social predicament seem genuinely perplexing; but its political display in particular issues is arranged by cynical and often sinister figures in the institutions and offices of the organized Right.

For although Lucifer and the Lord may be contending for Waldvogel's soul, it is more immediately Phyllis Schlafly, Jesse Helms and other earthlings who are fighting for her body—for the phalanxes of their movements, their organizations, and their election campaigns. The New Right of small-town women, urban Catholics and working-class whites starts only with unformed fears and perplexities. Someone else, with different interests, other agendas and wider connections will translate them into a coherent political force.

"The New Right is led by the old fascists," argues NOW president Ellie Smeal. "It's the same old people who have been around since Joe McCarthy's time and the beginning of the John Birch Society. But now they're wrapping themselves in the cloth of 'the family,' instead of racism and super patriotism. The old right of the fifties never died; it's just been reborn."

What is *new* about the New Right is its generation in the "pro-family" issues and its creation of a logical place for women leaders in those concerns. The "traditional" family is indeed being transformed; no right-wing fanatic has to convince Americans that the old styles of long, stable marriages, lots of loving children, extended family structures, and firm sex-role stereotypes are out of fashion—if not yet out of existence.

But while the hidden economic and political pressures that distort the old forms are extremely complicated, symbolic enemies are easier to conjure out front. Homosexuals, abortionists and liberated women make perfect targets of convenience for baffled and misled traditionalists. The "government"—in disrepute on several scores—can be blamed for every imagined affront to family stability and piety, from busing and day-care centers to prayer prohibitions and *Hustler* on the newsstands.

"In a peculiar way, the predominance of women in all these new right-wing groups seems to be another version of women's liberation," national ACLU Director Aryeh Neier observed recently. "Women are asserting themselves and taking on serious political responsibilities."

Similar binds do not entail like solutions. Dorothy Waldvogel in Bensenville and her New Left counterparts in Berkeley or the Bronx may have similar problems with their marriages, their work and their utility companies. They may feel attracted and repelled by strict sex roles, consumerist capitalism, and government interventions in their everyday affairs. They may both yearn for a peaceable kingdom, a happy home and a turkey dinner. But one chooses the women's movement and the other the backlash.

The busing battles in Boston, Louisville and Los Angeles have all been led by newly politicized women. In Boston, for example, Elvira "Pixie" Palladino rode her notoriety as a busing protester on the streets of one Italian working-class neighborhood into an at-large elected seat on the city's School Committee. In Los Angeles, Bobbi Fiedler

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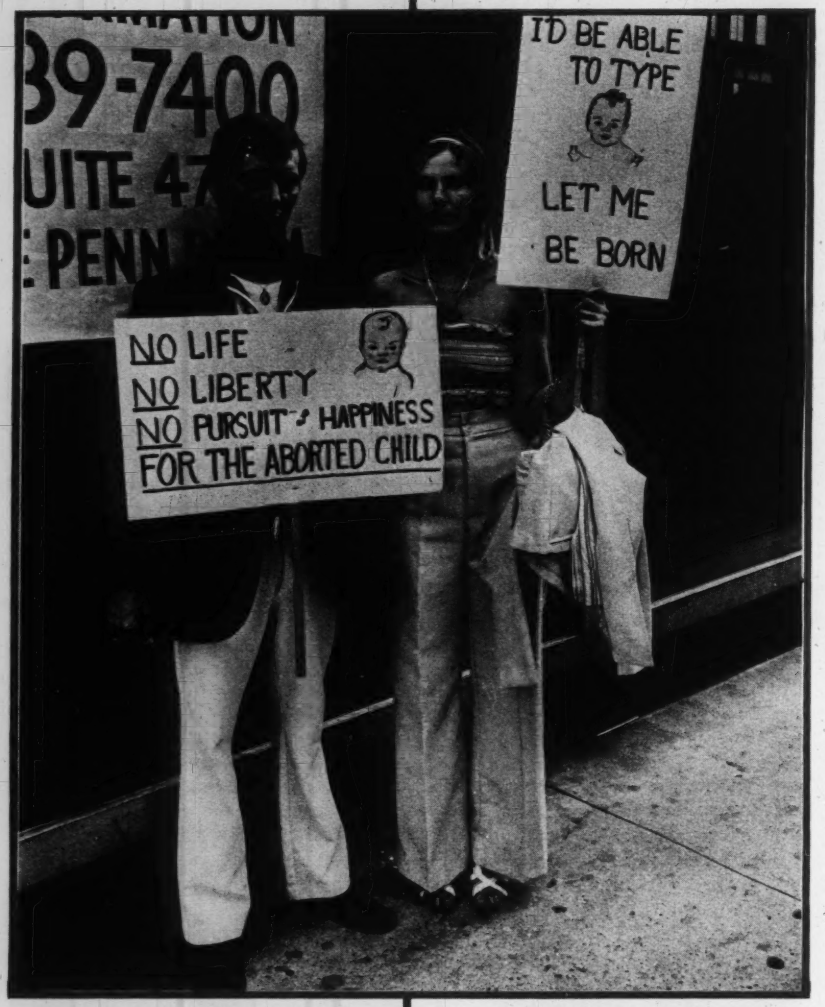

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON/BLACK STAR

parlayed her anti-busing activism into an election victory over an entrenched liberal member of that city's Board of Education.

Women were in the vanguard of the furious campaign in Wheeling, West Virginia, to rid school libraries of "progressive" and "permissive" textbooks. Women helped organize the successful recall election this summer in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, which removed five members of the local school district who had voted to fire a brutally authoritarian school principal; the principal is now back on the job. Ellen McCormack made startlingly strong showings in many states last year with her anti-abortion presidential candidacy. Governor Ella Grasso of Connecticut, elected as a conventional liberal, has made most of her political hay on backlash issues, such as her opposition to gay rights, marijuana-law liberalization and abortions for the poor. Anita Bryant and Phyllis Schlafly are perhaps the two most powerful "populist" political figures of the year: they have slowed, though not stopped, the forward march of the two great movements for human liberation of the seventies.

None of that comes as a surprise to Ellie Smeal. "In fact, we *are* a threat," she says confidently of women in the liberationist movement. "So the right-wing men are organizing their women in self-defense. I don't feel that the real opposition to us is 'frightened women'; women are no more scared of this world than are men. The real power is held by the men who gain from our inequality. Women make 57 percent of the income that men make, so someone out there is getting two workers for the price of one."

It is true that behind the women of the New Right lurk men in a political role—whether the women recognize it or not. Women have the time—and a taste for moral issues taught early in life by custom and society—to do the low-level organizing, while men make the profits.

"Look at religion," Smeal advised me. "The churches are made up of women, but policy is made by the men." The education system operates on the same principle. And, increasingly, district-level political campaigns are staffed by women workers—while men pull the last levers.

What is *old* about the New Right, then, is its manipulation—however late or limp—by the old men in the old institutions. Politicians such as Georgia Congressman Larry McDonald, Illinois Congressman Henry Hyde, Utah Senator Orrin Hatch and North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms have seized upon "pro-family" sentiment in the way they and their fellows once used "pro-American" patriotism to rally reaction and build a right-wing movement in America.

Suddenly this summer, it is growling again. Not many weeks ago, informal meetings of right-wing organizers began in Washington to swap strategies and make plans for the coming campaigns. "The first meeting consisted of about a dozen people from conservative organizations who committed themselves to the opposition on a number of specific issues, like the Panama Canal treaties," a veteran Washington lobbyist (who is cautious enough to insist on anonymity) reported. One key strategist was Paul Russo, once a Reagan campaign field worker, who now acts as a liaison between the Republican National Committee and the far-right movements.

Russo represents his boss, Charles Black, campaign director of the GOP committee, who until recently headed up a militant new right-wing outfit called the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC). The NCPAC's fund-raiser is Richard A. Viguerie, the mercurial reader and adviser for extremist campaigns and causes—from George Wallace ($6 million) to Senator Strom Thurmond to former California Education Superintendent Max Rafferty, and indirectly to Anita Bryant and Phyllis Schlafly. Viguerie is also one of the dozen key strategists in the Washington area meetings.

Viguerie's publication, *Conservative Digest*, lays out the lines of the new political strategy in an interview with Mike Thompson, the publicist for Anita Bryant's successful campaign to defeat the gay anti-discrimination ordinance in Dade County, Florida.

"We will bring together people who have never been politically involved before," Thompson enthused, "or people who have been involved but not on the same side. We will probably be a catalyst, and these people will go on to work together for other issues and candidates."

Thompson is a PR man and perennial rightist candidate (he has run for Congress and state offices) who struck gold—or at least orange—with the Bryant crusade. Now he has left the O.J. Queen and is striking out on his own: on the trail of what he sees as the "new majority" of Democrats, blue-collar workers and Jewish voters who are liberal on other issues, but conservative on "the family." Already, Thompson said, the force of the New Right has been felt in Florida. "A kind of cooperation" developed between the Bryantites and the

Schlaflyites that helped defeat the ERA in the sunshine state; Florida senators who were inclined to favor equal rights for women voted against the amendment, he thought, because of the ERA's "homosexual implications." Thompson now chairs the Florida Conservative Union—the local arm of the American Conservative Union—and is preparing the massive advertising campaign to defeat the Panama accords.

Thompson's opposing general in the Dade County wars was Ethan Geto, a savvy political consultant for New York liberal candidates, who flew into Florida to do battle with Bryant in the last several weeks of the referendum campaign. Geto arrived at the front unaware of the larger implications of the "life styles" issue he was supporting.

"It started becoming clear down there that this was part of a national right-wing political thrust," Geto reflected recently. "There's been a major shift from the old issues of economics, foreign policy and big government to such things as abortion, women's rights, gay rights and marijuana. The political ripoff artists see that as the wedge to broaden their base and their strength."

Geto got the first clue to the new plan when the same names and the old familiar faces from anti-abortion, anti-feminist and anti-Castro movements began turning up in the anti-gay campaign. By referendum time, the local county Democratic party committee made the same connections—and endorsed the pro-gay side as much in self-defense as in sympathy. "They realized gay rights wasn't an abstract issue anymore," Geto concluded, "but an organizing vehicle for their old opponents from the Republican right-wing."

The relationship between the militant mass movements and the manipulative elite organizations is extremely complex.

Beside the NCPAC and the Republican campaign committee, some of the groups and personalities involved are:

• The American Legislative Exchange Council, a new network of conservative state legislators and national congressmen, which is now drafting backlash bills for introduction at all levels of government.

• The Heritage Foundation, a tax-exempt, right-wing think tank, funded last year by Joseph Coors of Colorado beer fame, which gives "intellectual content" to right-wing projects. One early idea was Coors' plan to create a "Fourth Network" for conservative television programming and production.

• The Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, now headed by Paul Weyrich, formerly of The Heritage Foundation. Weyrich says, "My bag is organizing"—specifically, the defeat of liberal congressmen and their replacement by reactionaries. Richard Viguerie has raised substantial funds for the Committee in direct-mail campaigns.

• The Conservative Caucus, thought to be the "key connection" of New Right grass-roots organizing efforts for candidates and causes. TCC is run by Howard Phillips, a former Young American for Freedom, who was Nixon's last director of the Office of Economic Opportunity. Phillips' job at OEO was to scuttle the anti-poverty program—as scuttle he did. His dream for the caucus is to place hundreds—thousands, even—

On Capitol Hill, "The mail is running ten-to-one, a *hundred*-to-one against busing, abortion, gay rights," moans a liberal lobbyist

of activists in every congressional district in the country: something like a network of Committees for the Defense of the Counterrevolution.

• Citizens for the Republic, the personal political vehicle for the future travels of Ronald Reagan, wherever they may lead. Reagan's recent presidential aspirations have been heavily subsidized by Coors.

Beneath the bland names of those general groupings, the issues of the New Right connect in byzantine ways:

• The campaign to legalize Laetrile is organized by an ad hoc "Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy, Inc.," a virtual subsidiary of the John Birch Society. The "legislative representative" of the group is the ubiquitous Larry McDonald of Georgia, author of the anti-gay legislation.McDonald received the fifth biggest bundle of campaign donations among all the 435 congresspeople elected in 1974; among his contributors were the Coors brewery, H.L. Hunt family and the Birch Society's National Council.

• The American Enterprise Institute, a long-time conservative center for right-wing policy studies, recently sponsored a classy "Round Table" on the saccharin controversy. Speaking for saccharin was Congressman James G. Martin of North Carolina, whose major political cause this year is repeal of the "Delaney Amendment," requiring proof of the safety of foods and drugs *before* they are allowed on the market. Food and drug companies despise the Delaney rule. Martin's 1976 election victory was funded in large part by the National Conservative Political Action Committee.

• The National Drive to Defeat Liberal Democrats is a special project of the National Republican Congressional Committee, which promotes the policies of the G.O.P.'s far-right flank. The National Drive is gearing up to defeat 45

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The Mother County of Maryland St. Mary's Loves Life
NO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT FOR BABIES
SAVE
BABIES
WALK FOR LIFE
LOVE is LIFE

WIDE WORLD

"ultra liberals" in the 1978 congressional elections. A crucial complaint against all of them is their support for laws which "redistribute your income to people who can, but won't work." At the right end of the spectrum, "welfare recipient" is invariably defined as "welfare cheater."

• Jesse Helms is holding hearings this month on the "Leftist" manipulation of the various state preparatory meetings for the International Women's Year Conference. Stop-ERA activists hoped he could turn the hearings into a latter-day Un-American Activities Committee production, with lesbians and women's libbers in the old roles of comsymps and fellow travelers. Dorothy Waldvogel has been invited to testify. Helms is also a leading opponent of ratification of the Panama Canal treaty, as is the anti-gay, anti-ERA, anti-abortion Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah. Helms and Hatch are instrumental supporters of Howard Phillips' Conservative Caucus. TCC's major campaigns have been against gay rights and the ERA. Chairman of the TCC is Governor Meldrim Thomson of New Hampshire, a troglodyte among Republican neanderthals.

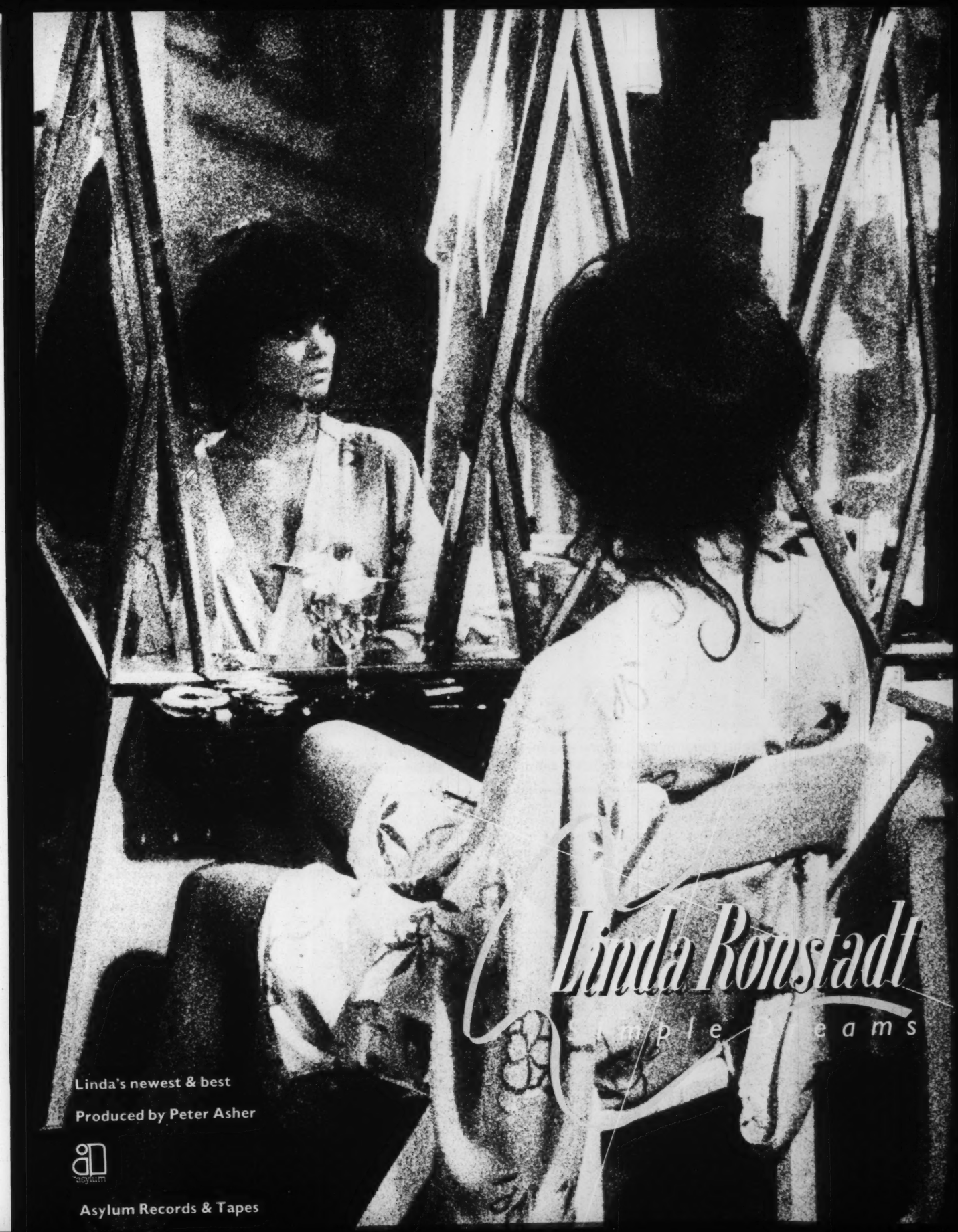
• The *South Boston News Digest*, once the house organ of anti-busing ROAR, soon became the voice of the grass-roots New Right in Massachusetts. Its columns lay out the range of issues of concern to the new movements. Favorite causes last spring were the expansion of nuclear power facilities and the abolition of car pools. Editor Paul Walkowski believes that car pools undermine the individualist traditions of American life. *SBND* writer John Ciccone sees the nuclear protest as a pinko plot. ROAR people periodically make Man-Man raids on feminist meetings; South Boston whites attack gays of all races,as well as blacks and Hispanics of all sexual persuasions. Congressman Larry McDonald—a former member of the National Council of the John Birch Society—is a hero of the paper, as he is a forthright comrade of Meldrim Thomson in the governor's attacks on the anti-nuke Clamshell Alliance. Two members of McDonald's office staff, John and Louise Rees, are known to have infiltrated liberal organizations and have supplied McDonald with confidential documents from those groups' files. McDonald later inserted them in the litigation-proof Congressional Record. McDonald's office was the source of false reports, trumpeted by Thomson, that the Clamshell Alliance would engage in "terrorism" at the Seabrook nuclear plant during the demonstrations last May. Thomson's major political projects as governor have been the construction of nukes and the demolition of a gay students organization at the University of New Hampshire. The U.S. Labor Party, the quack political cult embracing the worst of left and right paranoia, is closely allied with Thomson, as well as with Boston City Councilor Albert "Dapper" O'Neil, a veteran anti-busing campaigner.

Like anti-war and civil rights workers of yore, the New Right takes its campaigns from the streets into the election booths, concentrating huge amounts of energy and time in targeted districts.

"I see some issues as taking such a priority in terms of what we as a society are all about, where we are going in the future, that I have to say that it is perhaps the priority of our century," a Cook County anti-abortion militant named Marie Prime said in a television documentary on the issue. "I will always support the candidate who has the pro-life position." With spirit like that, no candidate in the state can afford to dismiss the issue next time at the polls.

"There's no question that the right is getting increasingly successful on Capitol Hill," Vicki Otten of the Americans for Democratic Action said nervously. The *anti* people are winning bigger and bigger majorities. In 1976 a partial anti-abortion bill was defeated two-to-one; this year the House accepted a *total* prohibition by almost the same margin, the other way. In the Senate, it's been the Democratic liberals who have gone over to the Right on the issue—Ted Kennedy, Humphrey, Leahy —all of a sudden they're scared. In the House, the new freshmen of '76 were supposed to make up the most liberal Congress in history. But they've made it one of the most conservative. Their mail is running ten-to-one, a *hundred*-to-one against busing, abortion, gay rights. It's phenomenal! They believe that 'life-style' issues will reelect them or defeat them, and so they're voting with the 'anti's.'"

The growing strength of the New Right showed itself in Congressman Larry McDonald's success in passing an amendment to a legal servies bill which forbids government-funded legal aid in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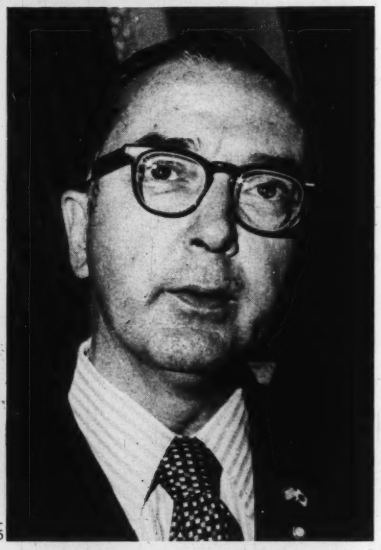

WIDE WORLD

UPI

Pillars of the New Right: Top, Phyllis Schlafly and Richard Viguerie, shown with his computerized typewriter used to raise money for rightist causes. Bottom, left to right, Rep. Larry McDonald, Anita Bryant and Sen. Jesse Helms.

cases of discrimination against homosexuals. McDonald was practically laughed off the floor of Congress when he first proposed his amendment. Then he called for a vote on the record, and the frightened representatives passed it 230 to 133.

The function of the life-style, pro-family, moral issues in the Right's political scheme is to make the moderates and the liberals near the center run scared. It is already a cliché of columnar journalism in Washington that the political vectors of the country all run right. But, in their divinations of a "national mood," the columnists ignore the essential importance of right-wing organization and its purposes. Real power and commanding interests rest on the nexus of "moral" and "emotional" issues. Dorothy Waldvogel and the girls in Bensenville may not realize it, but their outrage in Illinois can be redeemed for cash benefits and political privileges in Washington. In the not-so-old days, politicians on the Left understood that functional importance of grass-roots activism and used it for their own schemes, wise or foolish. White civil-rights sympathies and middle-class anti-war sentiments were converted into progressive policies that began to redistribute power and wealth: from the well-off to the poor, from whites to blacks, from the countryside to the cities, from South to North, from old to young. Suburban liberals who joined one candlelight vigil were enrolled as troops in the war on poverty, as supporters of Chicano unions, as voters for liberal candidates, as participants in a "culture of the left." In time, everyone of that tendency felt part of a movement, many movements, or "the Movement."

Suburban conservatives and small-town moralists are now drafted as soldiers for the armies of the Right and consumers of its culture. "The Movement" now is located 180 degrees around from the 1967 position. What counts now, as then, are the deeper connections of power and politics beneath the pious rhetoric, the strong currents beneath the surface froth.

Phyllis Schlafly may support and finance anti-ERA organizing around the country, but as the ACLU's Neier noted, "She hasn't made the movement, it made her." In the same way, the Catholic hierarchy is giving anti-abortion activists a big boost now, but a year ago one leading layman in Chicago was heard to wonder "when Cardinal Cody would get off his fat ass" and catch up with the movement.

The Reborn Right began organizing at the bottom of the political pyramid, much as the New Left did in the sixties. In fact, the parallels between the two native American movements, one progressive and the other reactionary, are striking.

"We learned a lot from the Left organizations," Bircher Congressman John Rousselot told me one afternoon as we chatted over bean soup in the House

dining room. "Sometimes it's been conscious, sometimes not. But a lot of conservatives have learned from groups like Common Cause, the unions, and the ACLU.

"One thing we learned," Rousselot continued, excitedly pounding the table with his forefinger, "is that organizations like Right To Life have paid off in votes right here."

Rousselot knows how the grassroots Right has turned Congress around, how it has profoundly shaped the Carter Administration, and how it is succeeding in every state legislature in the country. The governors who still have the temerity to veto anti-abortion and pro-death penalty laws are often over-ridden. Gay rights hasn't a chance in any major constituency in the country (with the possible exception of San Francisco's gay ghetto) in the foreseeable future.

Former liberals are hiding their progressive pasts in the nearest available closets. For example, the latest anti-homosexual crusader is Adam Walinsky, a campaign advisor to New York mayoral candidate Mario Cuomo, and a former legislative assistant and speechwriter for Bobby Kennedy. I can remember the day in early 1968—in my Washington apartment—when Walinsky made plans to leave congressional politics and join Tom Hayden's movement in the streets to end the war and bring socialism to America. At the last minute, Kennedy's decision to run for president kept Walinsky out of the Chicago Conspiracy. Now, not even 10 years after, he has joined the anti-liberation lobby.

There is no single, simple way to explain the success of the New Right, much less to predict its future trajectory. The victories of the Right this year have been permitted, to some extent, by the failure of a liberal opposition—the consequence of the Left's own cynicism, disillusionment and isolation.

The New Left and its descendants have been notoriously maladroit in reaching people whose background and behavior diverge from its young, white, cool cosmopolitan styles and middle-class status. Serious and progressive urban feminist organizers are impatient with Middle American housewives who are not quickly captivated by the blinding truths of Women's Liberation. A depressing case in point concerned a clutch of pro-feminist Catholic women from a working-class district in Chicago who attended the Illinois International Women's Year planning session as partisans of the NOW liberationists. They were soon dismayed, however, at the way their own "leaders" demanded strict adherence to the ideologically pure position on abortion. The Catholic women personally favored the right of women to choose abortion, but they knew they could not go back to their neighborhoods and organize other women on the basis of the purist platform that the middle-class, largely Protestant and Jewish feminists pushed through in Normal.

Nothing is gained by the Left in dismissing their antagonists as "right-wing nuts," as one bitter Chicago feminist called them. There is too much nuttiness around these days and a fair portion of it can be found in the precincts of the New Right. It's hard to discern much logic or reason, for example, in any of the stated arguments that Larry McDonald or Phyllis Schlafly make against the ERA. But the women who oppose the amendment are as diverse a lot as those in favor. There are the jeans-clad young mothers of the suburban New Right and the blue-haired Republican ladies of the Old; there are those who believe every farfetched fantasy of the Schlaflyites—that the ERA will foist coed toilets, battlefield breastfeeding and compulsory female ditchdigging on helpless American womanhood; and there are others who treat the anti-ERA campaign as a symbolic confrontation with modernist doctrine.

"I feel sorry for people who are trying to hold on to yesterday," NOW's Ellie Smeal said sorrowfully; but she has no good way to help them loose the grip.

For no one has yet devised a believable alternative to the old family forms and social values, the decay of which has thrown so many Americans into a reactionary snit. The Left experiments with communes, collectives, open marriages, living together, same-sex couples and the like. The Right clings to the old formulas for marriage, religion and sex roles—long after their content has been compromised and only the skeletal structures remain. Accidents of class, ethnicity and geographic context—as well as quirks of character—can determine which side a person will choose.

For, in the end, we are all squeezed in the same inexorable vise. Dorothy Waldvogel and her unknown feminist counterparts are natural allies, not enemies. As Congressman John Rousselot told me, the pro-pot and pro-Laetrile issues are virtually identical—except that one has been captured by the left, the other by the right.

What is breaking up the family are the demands of the system—call it what you will—for women workers at low pay, for routinized work schedules, for education tracked to job slots, for high rates of consumption, for waste and for profit. Scraps of the proceeds of that system have for years been thrown to the most underprivileged members of society in hopes that they will not upset the social applecart; the rest stays in the board rooms at the top. Inevitably, the Waldvogels of this world get the short change, and it is they who are crying in pain. It is a pity that they yet mistake their fellow sufferers for their true tormentors. ●

Satan's plan for Arizona

The resurgent right has already won important electoral victories in Arizona, which showed a surprising flurry of New Left activity in the early years of the decade. Ron Asta, a young maverick champion of environmental and consumer causes, was elected to the Pima County (Tucson) Board of Supervisors on a "progressive" platform in 1972. Within four years, he had gathered a new coalition of like-minded folks who succeeded in winning offices in 24 consecutive elections. And then the backlash hit.

"They beat me last year on the 'no-growth' issue." Asta told me. "They used our campaign tactics—door-to-door canvassing and mass mailers. But behind these 'good government coalitions' were the old Reagan campaigners, and behind them were the Chamber of Commerce, the banks, the utilities, the builders, the new car dealers, the realtors and the old-line regular Democrats." Within a few months, the New Right coalition had defeated most of Asta's comrades in the state legislature and had recalled all four of the progressives on the Tucson City Council.

"They used a whispering campaign against us," Asta said.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY MOORE

"They said, 'Asta lives in a singles apartment and wears beads and he's probably a homosexual.' They said Jo Cauthorn, a state representative, doesn't wear a bra and she probably doesn't raise her kids properly. There was a bunch of ugly stuff about a gay man who was murdered in a bar; they let the two people convicted of the murder off with incredibly light sentences. They still haven't passed the ERA in Arizona. One Phoenix legislator calls ERA 'Satan's plan for Hell on Earth.' That's what's happening down here." —A.K.

SUN WARS

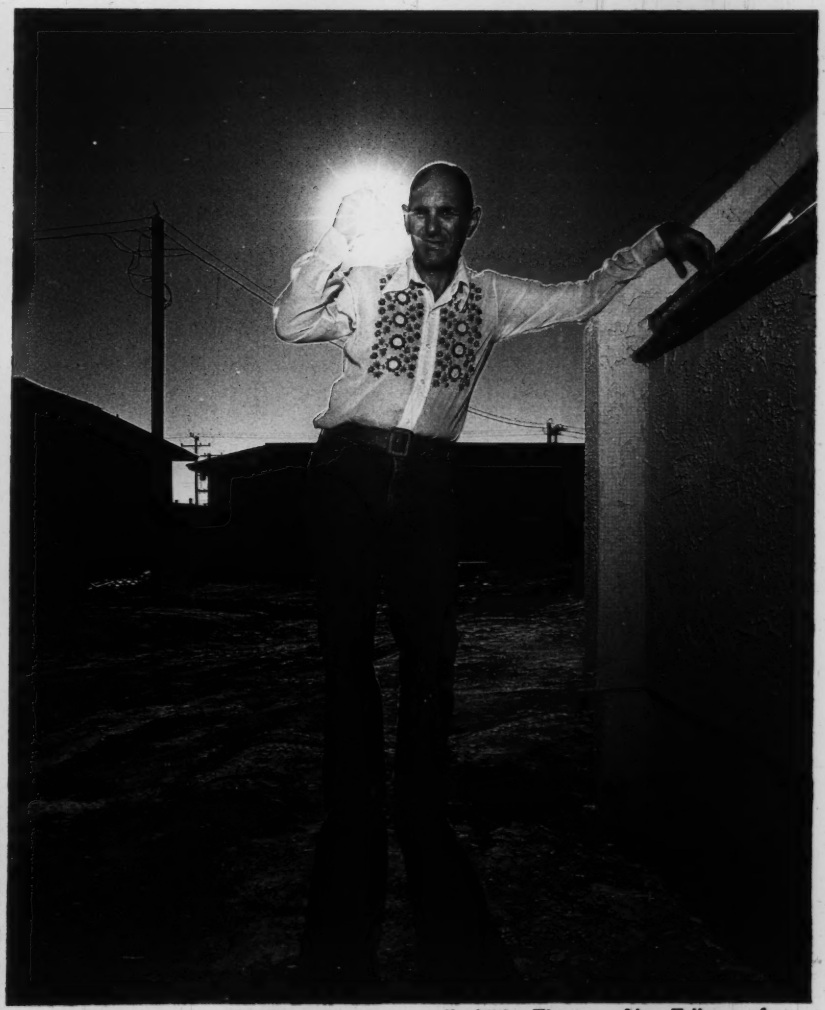
Who owns the sun, that is the question. It's a sixties rerun, with anti-war veterans battling giant utilities, not just for solar power, but for political and economic clout as well

BY STEPHEN SINGULAR

If there exists anywhere in the continental United States an ideal outdoor laboratory in which to test solar energy, it is Southern California: sunny, temperate days are followed by cool, comfortable nights. There is little need for home heating, even less for air-conditioning—yet plenty of potential solar power to provide both. If it can't work here, it is unlikely to work elsewhere.

What's more, California is anxious to take the lead in developing solar power on a broad scale. "The understanding and technology are there," says Jerry Brown. Adds the California State Energy Commission, "There is a widespread consensus that solar space and water heating in both residences and commercial establishments is ready for commercialization." The question in California, then, is no longer whether to develop solar power, but who is going to develop it. The sides are already drawn, and the struggle taking shape over solar looks something like a rerun of the sixties. On one side are the corporate forces, led by the banks and the Southern California Gas Company (SCG), the largest gas utility in America; on the other, a loose coalition of anti-war veterans such as Tom Hayden, Jane Fonda and Fred Branfman, and their unlikely political bedfellows—conservative, small-business solar pioneers.

The battle over solar development came to a head this March, when Southern California Gas asked the state utility commission for an $11 million rate increase to develop a solar energy package called Operation Sunflower. The utility said that it would spend the eleven million testing and implementing the best possible solar system, and then rent it out to its customers at rates pegged to the price of natural gas; for the first time a major utility would be selling solar energy. Opponents of Sunflower argue that if it is approved by the state Public Utilities Commission (the PUC will decide in the next 50 days), Sunflower will foreclose one of the brightest promises of solar power: breaking the lock that giant



PHOTOGRAPH BY AL SATTERWHITE/IMAGE BANK

Here comes the sun: Jim Piper has been called "the Thomas Alva Edison of solar energy," but California banks consider him a high risk and an irritant

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN WOLFF

utilities and energy companies have on the price of all energy.

In response to Sunflower, the California Public Policy Center put forward its own program, SolarCal. If made law by the state legislature, SolarCal, a public corporation, will conduct educational programs promoting solar energy, certify solar entrepreneurs, lead lobbying campaigns to pass solar legislation and, most important, provide $500 million for the public development of solar energy. "SolarCal's main economic function," says Tom Hayden, a director of the Policy Center, "would be to lend money to legitimate solar entrepreneurs, and to householders needing the funds to convert their homes to solar heating. The public, not the utilities, is entitled to the use of the sun." Hayden, who compares SolarCal to the Tennessee Valley Authority, explains that it would be a similarly self-sustaining corporation that would raise funds either by offering self-liquidating revenue bonds or by competing, before the PUC, with the utilities for rate-increase money.

At stake in the SolarCal-Sunflower showdown—and no one knows if either will come into existence—is not just the ownership and distribution of solar energy, but economic and political power itself. Many of the proponents of solar energy are the same people who believe that "Small is Beautiful," and who would like to build local, decentralized power bases and communities. Says Fred Branfman, another Public Policy Center director (and the man credited by some with "discovering" the U.S. bombing of Laos), "Public solar development offers the first serious possibility in this century of reversing the trend of monopoly control of the economy. The issue is ownership of the sun. If you don't want the utilities hanging a meter on the sun and selling BTUs, SolarCal is the alternative—at this point, the only alternative. It can turn energy consumers into energy producers. It can give each person his own private utility."

The day after the New York blackout, Fred Branfman eased his battered Dodge convertible off a main street in Ventura, California. "There it is," he said, pointing to a 17-acre cluster of 28 two-story stucco apartment houses in various stages of incompletion. "The dawn of the Solar Age."

At first glance, the half-finished residential complex seems an unlikely candidate for anything quite so grandiose, but then the man next to Branfman hardly looks like the "Thomas Alva Edison of solar energy"—the phrase his admirers use to describe him. Sporting white dress pants, white shoes, a white sport coat, a pink shirt, a blue-flowered tie, dark wraparound aviator glasses and a pink carnation, 46-year-old Jim Piper looks more like a barker at a carousel. Actually, he is one of the world's largest manufacturers of solar space-heating and domestic hot-water systems, the inventor of the "Piper-Hydro" energy conservation system, and a major force behind the 254-unit Ventura Del Sol, the largest residential project using solar power in America.

When it opens for occupancy next month, Ventura Del Sol will be drawing 25 percent of its space heating and hot-water needs from the sun, via eight-foot-

Ventura Del Sol: Its slanted, eight-foot-high solar panels are scattered about 22 "energy centers" (encircled)

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"My wife got me to switch to Vantage."

"I smoke. My wife doesn't. And she would remind me of the stories being told about high-tar cigarettes.

"Well, I began looking into those new low-tar cigarettes. I tried just about every one that came out. They didn't satisfy my taste.

"Then I read about Vantage. I didn't expect much but I tried a pack anyway.

"They were quite a pleasant surprise. They tasted really good and they actually had less than half the tar of my old brand.

"So now I smoke Vantage.

"I get the taste I want, and the low tar that she wants."

Dave Ness

David Ness
Seattle, Washington

Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

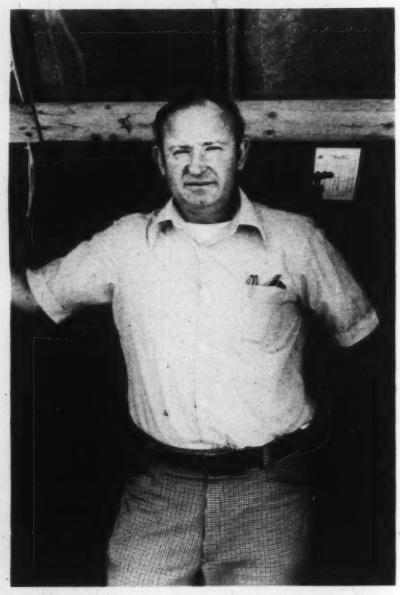
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

high, slanted solar panels scattered about on 22 "energy centers." What is significant about the complex, however, is neither its size nor its statistics, but that it exists at all. Aside from the hundreds of private solar homes constructed by curious and enterprising citizens, and several buildings constructed by universities and public-minded organizations like National Audubon, solar energy exists mostly in political speeches and daydreams. As Jim Piper says, "Our company, with just 15 employees, has done the one thing that the government and Exxon and the other people in the energy business said couldn't be done until the year 2000 or 2020: we've provided a major apartment complex with a solar energy system that doesn't cost any more than a conventional system. And having done so, you would have thought we had contracted leprosy."

Piper is referring to the reception he, his solar system and his apartment complex have received, not just from Southern California Gas, but also from California banks. Piper's opinion of SCG can be read on the walls of his office in Anaheim. Tacked near his desk is a recent gas company ad proclaiming, "Only a few people can afford these solar systems because they are costly." Right above the ad is a picture of Harvey A. Proctor, chairman of the board of the Southern California Gas Company; next to the picture, Piper has hung a sign saying, "Would you buy a used car from this man?" On another wall is an Exxon ad clipped from *Reader's Digest*, which reads, "Right now [November 1976], a solar heating system can cost you anywhere from $8,000 to $20,000. This is in addition to the conventional heating system you would need, which costs about $2,600." Piper dismisses the ad as nonsense. He claims that the Piper-Hydro system being used in Ventura Del Sol costs about $1,000 per unit, and that, whereas the heating bill for a similar apartment with conventional fuel would be $13, with solar-hydro it will be $3.

Nor do bankers escape Piper's wrath. "They have told me," he says, "'You're a high risk because you're going to dramatically reduce the demand for the utility's product. You're going to irritate one of our best customers—you might even cost us a good account.' At one time or other, I've had several major California banks tell me, 'Don't even come in the door—we don't want to have to turn you down.' They were doing me a favor."

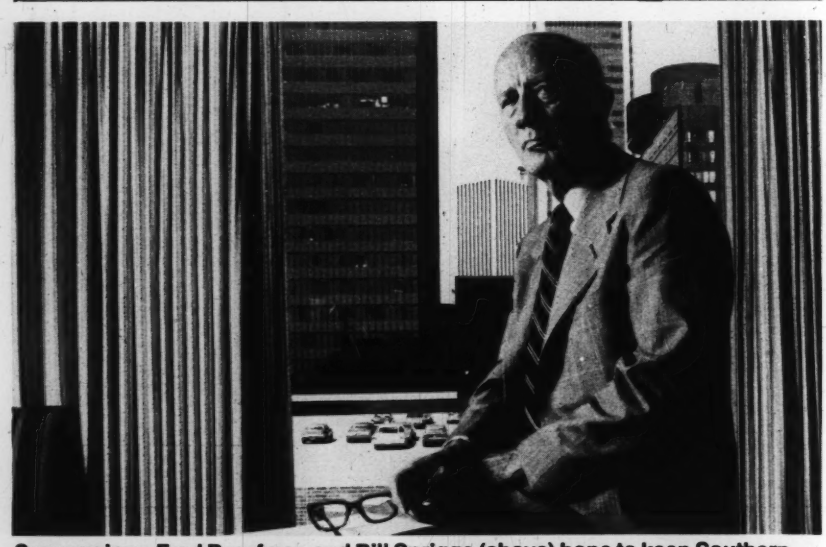
If U.S. banks aren't interested in doing business with Piper, Iran is: the Iranian government is negotiating with him for a 6,000-unit apartment complex in Teheran. "The irony of dealing with the Iranians is overwhelming," says Piper. "There they are, sitting on the second largest supply of oil in the world, and they come all the way to California



THE COST OF THE SUN

Nothing infuriates Jim Piper more than the argument that a residential solar energy system does not pay—specifically, that it does not pay back the large capital investment quickly enough.

"Screw payback!" he says. "That is the worst thing to talk about with solar. How many times do you flush your toilet before it pays back? Just because a system pays for itself in three or four or even seven years is no measure of whether you should have it or not. If you want to talk about the economics of the thing, talk about return on investment. That is the guts of the argument. Look, my system will cost any homeowner from $1,500 to $3,000 more than a conventional system. Let's say you buy it for $2,000 extra. If you live somewhere colder than California, your average utility bills are $40 a month; I'll save you half of that. That's $240 a year, or an 11 percent return on your investment. Does your savings and loan do that well for you? Does your bank? If you borrow $1,600 of the $2,000 for your system at an 8 percent mortgage, that's $14 a month. If we can save you more than $14 a month, you are making money on borrowed dollars from your bank. And that's with gas prices as they are now. If the price of gas doubles in the near future, as it well might, that will mean a 22 percent return on your investment."



Sun warriors: Fred Branfman and Bill Spriggs (above) hope to keep Southern California Gas and its chairman, Harvey Proctor (below), from a solar monopoly

to buy the solar technology that I can't interest the U.S. government in. And they're buying my energy-conserving system with the money that the U.S. is paying them for their expensive, depletive oil. For a while, they were listening to General Electric and Energy Research and Development Administration tell them that solar wouldn't be ready for another 20 years. But then the Shah said, 'I know the technology exists. Find it. Get it.' I don't know how he knew this, but now his Housing Ministry is telling people, 'If you don't think it exists, go to Ventura Del Sol and hold your hand under a hot water tap.'"

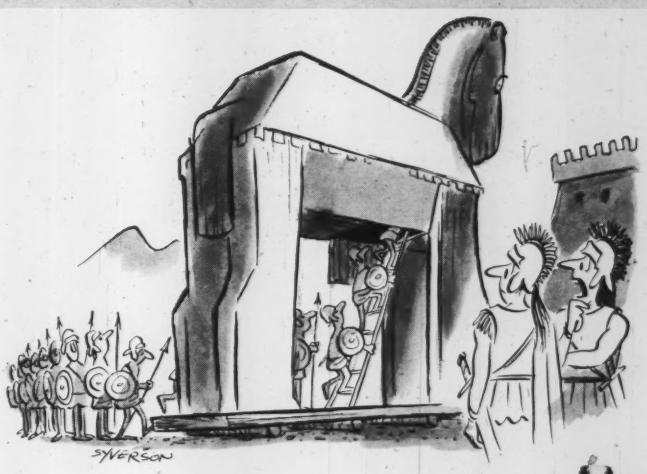
Unlike many solar pioneers, Piper does not claim that he has invented a solar panacea. He sees solar-hydro heating mostly as a money-saving, energy-saving tool. "The ultimate goal of all this is to reduce consumption, not to say 'Fuck you' to the gas company. When the really bad weather comes, bite the bullet, use fossil fuels, and give them their money."

Originally designed simply to save natural gas, Piper's hydro system operates on the principle of a car radiator. Hot water moves through a continuous loop made of a 1.5-inch copper pipe. The water in the pipe is heated at the solar-panelled energy stations placed on the grounds between the buildings, then fed into the residential units between floor joists, passing through all the larger rooms that require heat—living room, kitchen, bedrooms. Because the pipe is passed through the first-floor joists, which are then enclosed by fiberboard to form an insulated duct, no metal vents are needed; the system requires only a fraction of the standard plumbing equipment.

Because the pipe also supplies hot water, no individual hot water heaters are required either. Small wonder the gas company is disgruntled: Were it a conventional housing complex, Ventura Del Sol would require 254 hot water heaters and 254 separate gas-fired furnaces. Instead, it has only 22 larger gas furnaces, located at the power stations.

In 1969, Piper discovered that he could utilize solar energy simply by heating the water in his system with the sun as well as with natural gas. But even without any solar input, Piper claims his system uses half as much gas as a standard one; *with* solar, his Ventura Del Sol complex will use a little more than a third of a conventional system.

And that is just the beginning. Bill Spriggs, the owner and builder of Ventura Del Sol, held down the solar capacity of his complex to 25 percent in order to test the system. Next year, however, he plans to build another 96 units down the road that will be 40 percent reliant on the sun, and he has plans in the works for a 429-unit apartment complex that will draw as much as 65 percent of its



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power from the sun.

Jim Piper, for one, has no doubt that his system will be able to deliver that much solar power. Walking through the skeleton walls of Ventura Del Sol, he speaks enthusiastically about the prospect of competition with the gas company: "I'm not against the utilities getting involved in solar if they do it fairly, if they use their own money for research and not the public's, and if they don't develop a monopoly. I'd love to compete against them. It would probably make us sharper. Competition should be there, to serve the customer. And government's role, if it has one, is to make that competition fair."

How fair has it been so far? John Geesman, a San Francisco lawyer who testified at the Public Utility hearings on Sunflower, believes that SCG's solar proposal is an elaborate ruse. In addition to applying for the $11 million for solar research, the company has asked for a *$3 billion* rate hike to subsidize its entry into liquefied natural gas (LNG), an extremely flammable gas that many experts consider as potentially dangerous as nuclear reactors. Geesman believes that Sunflower is a smokescreen for the LNG proposal. "The Sunflower application was not made in good faith," says Geesman. "The gas company does not expect it to be approved. It is a ploy for the company to cover its bases with respect to solar for the upcoming decision on LNG. They want to be able to say, 'We tried solar and you wouldn't let us have it.'"

As evidence of SCG's bad faith, Sunflower opponents point out that the utility commission asked SCG to withdraw and revise its proposal, but that the utility has refused to do this.

Few consumers have had a closer look at the ways of SCG than builder Bill Spriggs. Not too long ago, Spriggs, 44, was one of the gas company's favorite customers; *his* office wall is decorated with plaques lauding his healthy consumption of oil and gas. He even used to receive spiffs—free advertising from the utilities for his diligent use of their energy. Today, Spriggs and SCG are no longer on speaking terms.

Last year, the gas company decided that Ventura Del Sol was classified "non-residential," which means that its fuel supply could be interrupted in times of shortage. "Right away," Spriggs recalls, "we took issue at being called non-residential. The city zones us as residential and the banks appraise us as residential. There are no stores at Ventura Del Sol—people *live* there."

The reason for the non-residential classification was that Ventura del Sol was using central boilers—generally employed in industry—rather than individual furnaces for each apartment. A central boiler, which saves energy, was the only system Spriggs could combine with so-

lar. The Catch-22 is that by saving energy, Spriggs became vulnerable to having his fuel supply cut off. "The gas company let us know," he says, "that we were in competition with each other. They want to keep solar in their hip pocket. They want to lead in solar heating, but they want to sell all their gas first. You can't blame them for that—that's their survival, that's what they do. They know the gas business better than anyone. But, as Piper says, 'Why do they know more about *solar* than I do? I'm ten years ahead of them.' Why should they be picked by the state and given a monopoly to sell solar heating? Why should the Public Utilities Commission subsidize their solar research?"

Pat Shea, a vice-president of SCG and the man who will take charge of Sunflower if it is approved, denies that Spriggs was harassed for using solar: "No way was Spriggs given a hard time for using solar energy. We're trying to promote solar, remember? We have to follow the priority system of the Public Utilities Commission."

Shea also insists that Southern California Gas is not dragging its feet on solar development, but is simply being prudent. "Many of the questions about solar just haven't been answered yet," he says. "Questions of equipment standards, of maintenance and life-cycle costs, of legal problems. We, in the gas company, are just not going to market a pig in a poke—and that's just what we would be doing now. We don't know what the best solar configuration is yet, and neither does anyone else. There are a lot of pretty flaky people coming in and out of the solar business. Already people have been bitten by bad installations and solar companies going out of business. All we're trying to do is put a little order in this thing."

In 1972, SCG put solar-assisted gas energy systems on two buildings in Los Angeles; more recently, it installed solar systems on two homes in Mission Viejo at a staggering cost of $650,000, almost half of which came from a government contract and the other half from a rate increase. Ron Doctor, a nuclear engineer who sits on the state's Energy Commission, notes that the commission has publicly endorsed the idea that "one-half of all new homes in California should be using solar water heating by 1980. One half is about 300,000 homes. If Sunflower is approved, the gas company would lease only 315 solar systems by 1982. It just doesn't make any sense. I think they should go back to the drawing board."

Jim Piper was equally skeptical when he testified at the PUC hearings on Sunflower earlier this year. "The Southern California Gas Company said in 1976 that the cost of solar systems is 'still very high compared to the gas energy saved.' Those statements . . . are hogwash. They are perpetrated only to protect and preserve their monopoly at the public's expense, by eventually installing all the solar equipment on the utilities' side of the meter. In our opinion, no one will be allowed the opportunity to own their own solar equipment if the gas company's program is successful. Do *not*, I warn you, restrain trade by supplying a big business with a tax to control the sun."

Assembly: Craig Corrales welds the copper pipes that will run water through the solar panels at the largest residential project using sun power in America

Piper believes that if Operation Sunflower is approved, it will put people like him out of business. Monopolies, he likes to say, start small and often silently. Piper may or may not be overstating the case. Right now, it is difficult to see what could prevent an individual from buying his own solar system, or stop entrepreneurs like Piper from making and selling them, even if Sunflower is approved and SCG enters the solar business in a major way. "The idea that we're going to hang a meter on the sun is a rather farfetched, way-out statement that some people have made," says Pat Shea. "There's no way we want to charge for the sun. That's free. The equipment that utilizes the sun is not free. Never has been and probably never will be."

The Southern California solar battle continues, and there is no truce in sight. Ask Pat Shea, for instance, what he thinks of Jim Piper and his Piper-Hydro system.

"I have no comment on him," replies Shea.

"Why?"

"I have no comment."

"If Sunflower goes ahead, will Piper's be one of the systems you will test?"

"We'll consider anybody who has a legitimate system."

"Is he legitimate?"

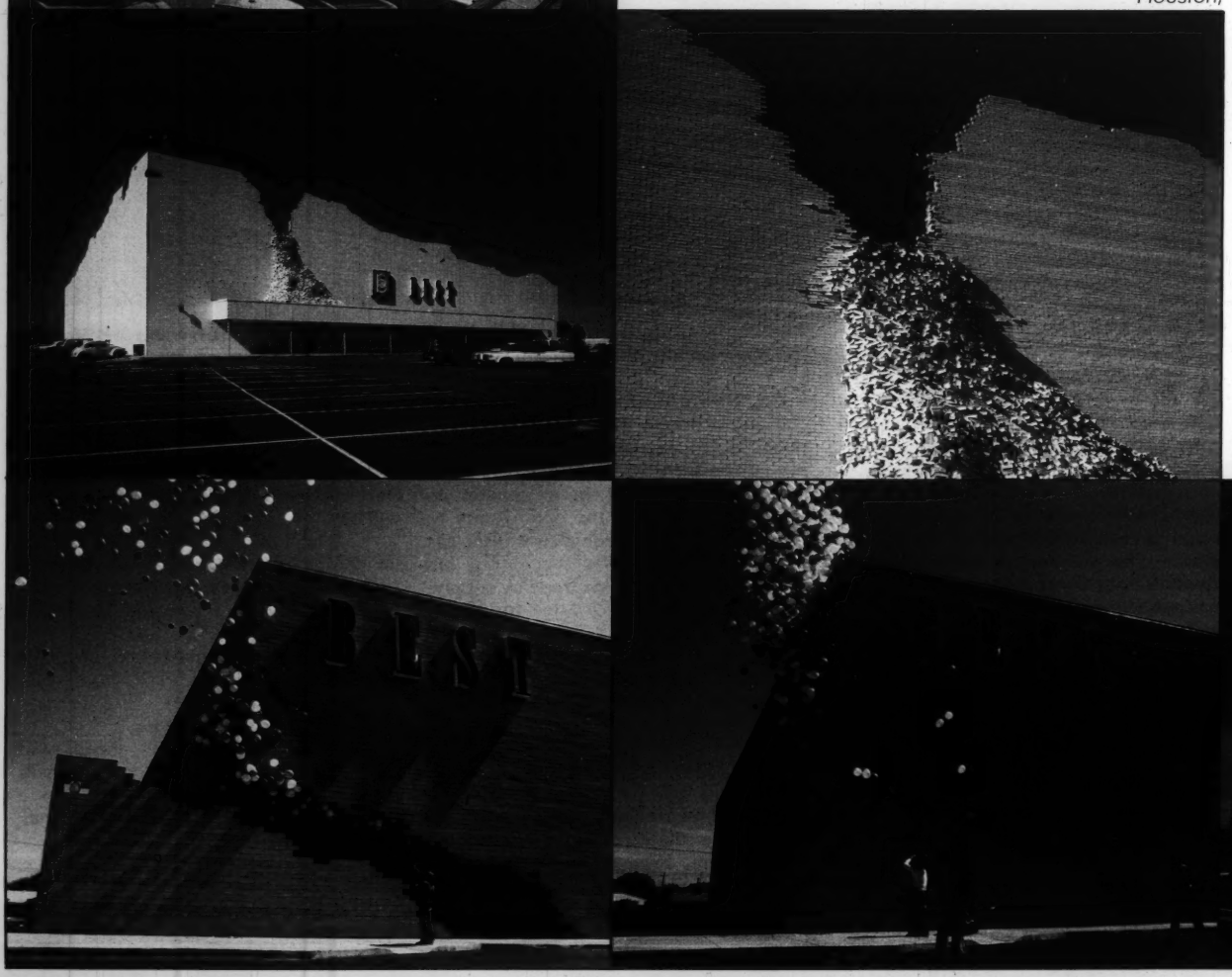
"I don't know."

"Have you seen Ventura Del Sol?"

"No." •

Richmond,

Houston,



Apocalypse Now? By Paul Slansky

"Our buildings were three years ahead of punk culture," says former sculptor James Wines.

Wines and his New York-based design group, SITE, Inc. (Sculpture in the Environment), are using suburban shopping centers, of all things, to effect "the conversion or recycling of architectural banalities." With the blessings of the Best Products Company, one of the nation's largest mail-order merchandisers, SITE has designed three cataclysmic catalog showrooms around the country (in Richmond, Houston and Sacramento), and there are more on the way.

"We try to put into our buildings some of the tensions, contradictions and humor that are part of society," says Wines, "but humor should not be mistaken for nonseriousness. Resources and energy are not endless, although the people who design things like the World Trade Center seem blissfully unaware of this fact."

After designing a peeling brick wall for an already-constructed store in Richmond, SITE was given the go-ahead on a totally original project in Houston. "We were told by bankers that it would be covered with graffiti in no time," Wines recalls. "But the exact opposite is true—any self-respecting graffitiist realizes that we've already responded to their gut impulse—writing on it would be redundant.

"When we were almost finished, some Texan told me, 'You know, I've always wanted to kick the shit out of a shopping center. I'd shop at a place like that.'"

So would a lot of people. The Houston store (titled "The Indeterminate Facade") recorded the highest sales in history for a catalog showroom, and the others are enjoying similar success. "Even the people who hate them love to hate them," Wines laughs. "When we first started, everyone said, 'You'll never get anything like that built.' Then we put it up, and they said, 'That's so impractical, no one will shop there.' Then Best increased its volume by 50 percent, and they said, 'Well, they just did it for the money.'

"Soon after it opened, two policemen answered a call from a passing motorist who thought the store was collapsing. While they were waiting for the manager to show up, they each bought a watch. It's the ultimate American merchandising inversion."

So far, Wines has concentrated on the outside structures ("The Notch," in Sacramento, features a corner gouged out of the building through which customers enter; the missing chunk sits about 40 feet away and periodically slides along a track and plugs up the hole), while leaving the inside unchanged. An upcoming project featuring a store constructed on a tilt, as if it had been raised by a giant jack, will be level on the inside. "Otherwise all the footballs and things would be sliding off the shelves and piling up in corners," Wines points out. "There are limitations."

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The Club Med Experience

By Michael Wolff

Good, clean fun in the Caribbean sun

'We are not a resort,' the Club Med organization insists, 'we are an idea—a fundamental example of how easily people might come together, if tension is relaxed and negativity dispersed.'

Bruce, a bearish medical student, slips into his bathing trunks and T-shirt, drains the last of the miniature Johnnie Walker Reds he'd taken from the charter flight, and trots down a cobblestone path to an open-air lounge to meet new friends. Susan, a sweet-looking 21-year-old, hurries to the lounge to get her pop-beads, buy a pina colada, and take her place at the bar. Debby, a 22-year-old dental assistant, sits anxiously on the bed in her pastel bungalow waiting to meet her roommate before she ventures into the lounge. David, a young attorney from Boston, in a well-tailored safari suit, brown Freud beard and round, gold wire-rims, takes one look at his roommate, a middle-aged man in sandals and socks, and goes off to tell whoever has to be told that his roommate and he are clearly incompatible.

In the waning seventies, The Club is nothing less than *the* place, like Havana was supposed to be the place in the fifties, or the Greek Islands the headquarters for the sixties. Except that Club Mediterranee is not an adventure into what is foreign—in fact, here on Martinique, The Club is pure Ivy League and Disney, American, Hygenic, secluded from the life of the island—for $520 it is an adventure into community, togetherness. You can be what you cannot be at home, The Club assures; you can enjoy someone here without formalities, commitments, nervousness. You can take off your clothes.

A young man is yelling into a microphone, gripping it like a rock 'n' roll star. In a wave, people move to take seats around him on the disco floor. His torso, tanned the brown-orange of a well-used basketball, is as big as a door; he is six-two, perhaps six-four. His feet are bare, calloused and obviously comfortable. 'WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO NOW,'' his voice thwomps, ''IS TELL YOU HOW WE LIVE AT THE CLUB. RIGHT? RIGHT! MY NAME IS ROD! AND MY THING IS THAT I'M A G.O., WHICH STANDS FOR GENTLE ORGANIZER, AND YOU'RE ALL WHAT WE CALL G.M.'S, AND THAT STANDS FOR GENTLE MEMBERS. BUT THAT'S THE ONLY THING DIFFERENT, BECAUSE WE'RE ALL HERE FOR THE SAME THING. RIGHT? FUN AND RELAXATION. WHAT WE'RE ABOUT IS SPIRIT.'' Rod introduces a line-up of fellow G.O.'s. Among them is not one reminder of the Duddy Kravitzes of Grossinger's. They are all surfers and ski bums

and make-out kings, as free with their bodies as clowns, preening and strutting and openly eyeing the girls. They are examples of how to shake the old hang-ups out: "We don't read newspapers, and we don't care at all about what's happening in what they call the real world. The Club is our world now!"

Debby, the dental assistant, goes to dinner on the upper level of the lounge, hesitantly and by herself. She is small and almost pretty, Italian and Catholic, from Utica. This is her first vacation on her own, as a working girl. Rod, greeting people as they file into the dining hall, lightly touches Debby's shoulder. A hostess guides her to a seat at one of the large family-style tables.

"I'm Debby," she immediately introduces herself, trying to pierce her shyness, "and I'm a dental assistant."

"Doug," says the boy next to her. "I sell audio equipment."

"I'm a district sales rep for Wedgewood China," says Ed, who has taken on the job of dishing out portions of beef stroganoff. "And this is Betsy, my wife."

Another couple at the table giggles as they introduce themselves as having come to The Club at Martinique several times.

"You liked it then, yes?" demands a lady in red. She is 29 and down on her marital luck.

The couple exchanges smiles and the husband says, "We'll just tell you it'll be like no other vacation you've ever had."

"You mean about the Picnic?" The lady in red persists. "I've heard about the picnics they have."

Again the couple makes conspiratorial eye contact. Club Med, it seems, is one of the happy secrets of their marriage. "The Picnic," the husband says, "is where the uninitiated get initiated."

"Where we take off our clothes, right?"

Debby is looking at Doug, hoping Doug isn't looking at her, and Doug, a year or two older, is trying to catch Debby looking at him. Ed and Betsy studiously eat the hard chunks of meat.

"I'm not taking off my clothes," says the lady in red. "Personally, I think tan lines are sexy."

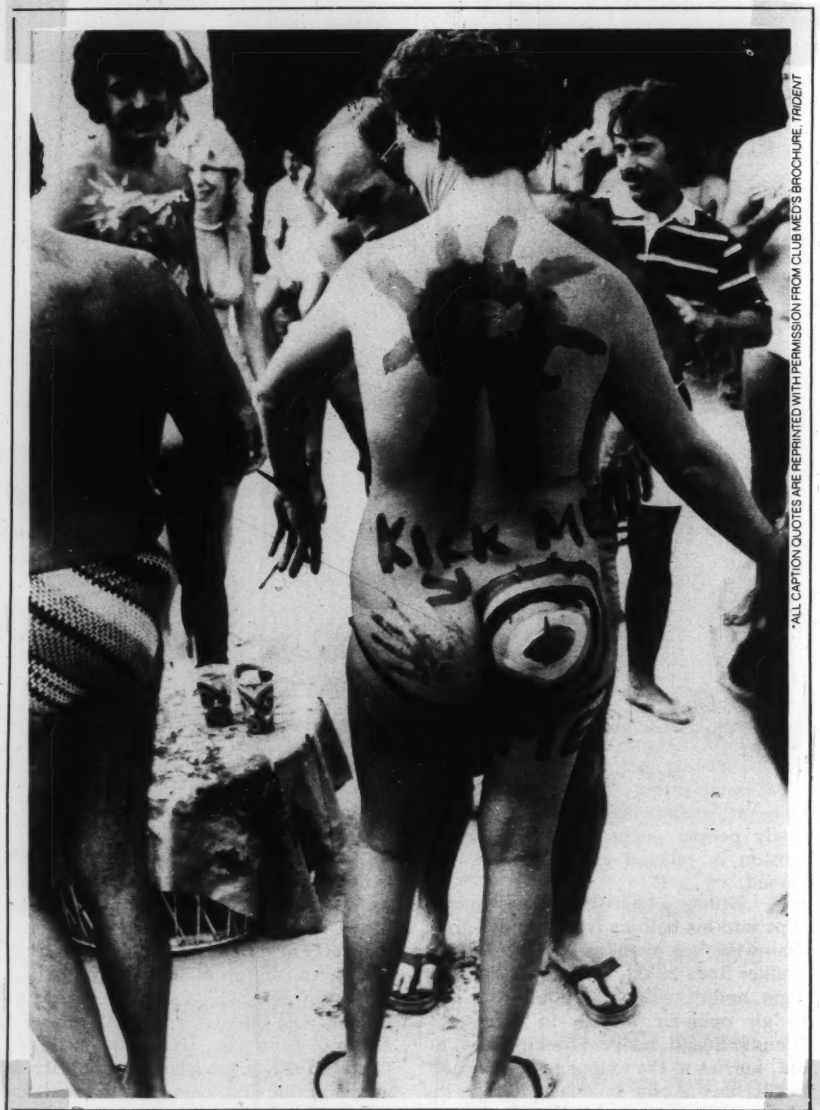
There is no lingering after the food is consumed. The taste of local coffee spiced with chicory repulses everyone. Rod hops from table to table, announcing dancing in the lounge.

The music is monolithic disco, loud and harsh, without a melody. The dancing is jerky; the men hump, the women twitch. No one smiles. Debby's eyes are cast down, concentrating on her footwork. Doug, dancing with Debby, looks heavenward. Bruce buys two pina coladas and offers one to Susan, trying to coax her onto the dance floor, but she won't step out of her knot of girlfriends. The lady in red stands her ground as long as she can, then goes back to her room. Two hundred people cling to the dance floor or circle it or skulk across it to the bar. The only comfortable ones are the G.O.'s. Barefoot, they prop themselves against the bar, beckoning girls.

David, uncomfortable and alone, goes down to the beach. Other single men roam the sand too. They pause here and there to study the silhouettes of the few men bending over women. Nearly all of the men with women are G.O.'s—shills—their success encouraging the G.M.'s to try their luck again.

Later that evening, Debby goes with Doug to his room. He has to coax her for a long time. And then, worse luck, his roommate returns.

The morning after, however, everyone seems perfectly content. On the breakfast veranda, they pile their plates with fruit and bread. Rod is a vital source of serenity. He greets everyone, moves easily around the tables, remembers names. He is untouchable, you sense how Olympian he is, yet he keeps reaching out and touching the smalls of girls' backs, or fondly slipping his large



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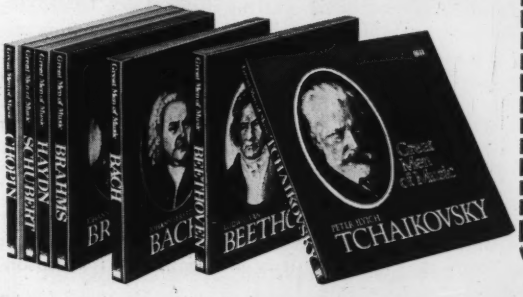

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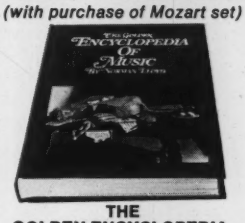

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hand into theirs. He is the boy who was unattainable for evey high school girl save the coronated one, the boy the other boys knew they could never be. He moves about easily, discreetly caressing his own thighs and belly. It is a perfect fantasy come to life to have the high school king stoop to your table, shoot you a smile from across the room, admire the lady you are with, and urge you to come water-skiing or diving with him—after all these years you're being asked to be on his team.

"He's the most perfect ten I ever saw," Susan stage-whispers to Bruce, who has joined her and her friends. "And on the one-to-ten scale you don't get to be a ten just by being cute. He's sure cute, but he's got command. And that chest. It must be two-and-a-half feet across. You can't be a ten with a small chest. I ask you, is he or is he not the absolutely most perfect ten?

"You're a good wholesome eight," Susan says to Bruce as an afterthought, patting him on the back.

Few suspect Rod's motivation, but David, the attorney, eating breakfast with a divorcee whom he hopes to impress tries to question it. "Don't you get a little tired of all this socializing?" David asks. Rod is a touch surprised by the question. "I think it's important to communicate, don't you?" Rod replies. "I get to feeling everyone is my personal guest. I have letters in my room from people who have said The Club changed their lives." Later in the day, David approaches Rod again: "Isn't all this G.O. stuff a little like playing football? One day you're just too old for it?"

"I always think of George Blanda," Rod says. "And you've got to remember that this is an organization of 15,000 people. We have 76 villages in 24 countries. The Club is now fully deployed in the Mediterranean so the next expansion is into the American zone, which means all kinds of opportunities for advancement. To me, The Club is a way of life, and when I think about it, I truly believe international problems will be solved through the world of relaxation."

Rod believes, yes he does. An American prototype, unharassed by doubt or the foibles of the nervous system. One feels slightly hesitant to ask Rod where or if he's gone to college; the question seems impertinent, absolutely irrelevant. But he answers full of pride:

"The United States Military Academy at West Point."

There is a volleyball tournament today, and a Frisbee competition and raw egg throwing. But the games are merely the form. The content is Rod. The object is to get Rod's attention, the payoff is Rod's approval. Rod makes sure everyone gets his share of shots.

Rod is at the center of everything, powerfully bending down to correct one person's serve, squatting to sketch a game plan in the sand. It all looks not unlike a TV news shot of an American soldier explaining the workings of Vietnam to the eager Vietnamese:

"What we're gonna do now is have a body painting contest," Rod announces. He gives an enormous grin which means, "What we're really gonna do is take off our clothes!" "Now everybody's gotta get a partner of the opposite sex. You know about the opposite sex, right? Sure, you like that, don't ya!"

The G.M.'s, all a little giddy, gather on the lawn that sweeps toward the beach. "Don't get paint on your bathing suits," Rod cautions with a smile that provokes a general titter. Doug paints Debby. Susan lets Bruce paint her, but with her bathing suit on. David stands on the sidelines with his camera. The lady in red watches, but from a good distance. An older woman, thirty-five perhaps, takes off her top and has flower petals designed around her nipples; then she slips down her bottom and has a bull's-eye painted on her cheeks. The excitement is palpable. David begins rapidly snapping pictures. The lady in red backs off even further. Bruce tries to untie the knot at Susan's top. Her hand deftly intercepts his. Bruce creeps off for a moment to calm his erection. Rod comes over and suggests to Susan that it really might be easier if she took off her top. He puts his hand on the small of her back. Susan does not take off her top, but she enjoys Rod's coaxing. Bruce returns then, and without Susan knowing, paints a penis on her back.

"Throw in some shorts, a few T-shirts, a pair of sandals. You may even go barefoot. Or latch onto the ultimate in Club Med comfort..."

Susan does not take off her top but she enjoys Rod's coaxing. Bruce reaches for her knot but she deftly intercepts him

Breakfast, then the beach; lunch and then the beach again or a sport or boat trip; dinner then dancing. It is an easy routine to fall into. And once people are willing to follow the flow, you have a community. And then with a sigh of comfort and relief people's lives become fixed.

Bruce fails in his play for Susan, but he doesn't let it bother him. "What you have to do in a place like this," he explains, "is tell the difference between the girls who really want it, and those who are just playing. The secret is to be able to move fast. If you think she's a live one, then play her, but if she's just a tight-ass, you gotta cut your losses and move on, quick."

Susan, whose father has given her this trip as a graduation gift, meets an older man at the disco. He is in his late thirties, several buttons on his shirt undone, a lot of jewelry, hard features, deep shave, watery eyes, the James Caan variety. He asks her to show him some dance steps. They dance for an hour. They walk down the beach and he stops to kiss her, but really, she says, she just wants to walk . . .

David has the divorcee. Or rather he spends part of each day trying to have her. But it is slow going. In frustration,

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he takes to drifting down to the nude beach at the far tip of the cove. He thinks this will be the place where whatever is happening will happen. But he finds only couples who don't want anything to do with anyone else, and European families, and other single men. At night, after the divorcee goes to bed, David stands off to the side of the bar in the disco: "G.O. junkies," he dubs the girls, following at the heels of Rod and the rest. "Look at her, just look at her, she'll climb the rafters to get at him."

The lady in red positions herself in the same place each day and waits to be approached.

And now, as it happens every week at The Club, comes the Picnic. Those who've been to Martinique before are strangely tight-lipped. "I wouldn't want to spoil it for you," they say, when asked. "You won't have to do anything you don't want to do," the G.O.'s say with a leer that seems to leave out only cripples, queers and menstruating women. Two hundred people, on a morning late in the week, are driven across the island to a white, shadeless beach on the open ocean.

First the limbo, with black drummers drumming. When you come, belly up, from under the bamboo pole, a G.O.—bronze, in a bathing suit that displays a bouquet of pubic hair and the root of his penis—pours rum-spiked sangria down your throat. Almost as soon as people's lips are wet they spin and dance and roll their eyes, plop down in the sand and assure each other that the rum is 100 proof. Bruce takes the bottle from the G.O.'s hand and to a rousing chorus of whoops and applause, chug-a-lugs.

The game goes on until the members are convinced that everyone is indisputably drunk. Then one G.O. snaps a large rubber ball to another and they run into the surf. The members tear down the beach after them. "STRIP DODGEBALL!" yells the G.O. with the briefest bathing suit, as he slings the ball into Bruce's stomach. Bruce, with a round red welt glowing at his middle, looks agog for only a second and then with the

"To me The Club is a way of life. I truly believe international problems will be solved through the world of relaxation"

pride of the chosen shimmies out of his trunks. There is a free-for-all to get into the path of the ball and out of your clothes. Bruce, thrashing through the waves to reach the women who have been hit, grabs off their tops and loops them, like scalps, around his neck.

As soon as the melee begins, Susan, in her modest terry-cloth two-piece, shies away, retreats a good distance up the beach. But her James Caan man is understanding, solicitous; he follows her, stands with her at the rise of the beach, and just lets her watch the fun and get used to the nudity.

David doesn't participate. The divorcee has not come along, so he stands alone. He watches, bemused, occasionally snapping a photograph. After a while, without the prompting of the ball, he takes off his trunks.

Susan and James Caan go into the water, swim out a good way. Gently, fondly, under water, and only for him, Susan yields her snaps and elastic. She will not follow him though, when he gets playful and swims to the beach with her bathing suit. "I'll cry," she yells, threatening, as she treads water.

In a burst, from over the sandy rise, Rod comes running down the beach and into the surf, hand in hand with a girl whose breasts are golden. "Pardon the expression," David says, partly covering his genitals, "but if he asked her to commit an act of fellatio right now, she'd do it even if she drowned. What I wouldn't give," David sighs, "for a body like that."

A nude relay race begins on the beach. A line of men sit in the sand with their knees raised toward their chins and a lime tucked in their crotches. The object here is for a woman to move the lime with her mouth up to his knees and down his legs. The design is sexual, but the effect is purely intramural: too much cheering, too much enthusiasm, and an erection will get in the way of winning the game.

After the games are done there is nothing to do but watch other nudes. Some people try to sustain the fun; a girl dances topless in her Wellesley gym trunks; a few others try to reactivate the limbo game. But mostly people find themselves uncomfortable. The sun is hot and you can't avoid seeing things you really don't want to see: a girl with a tampax string; a fat man with his balls dangling hairy and rubbery from under his T-shirt; another man with a truncated penis. And so the G.O.'s say, "C'mon, let's go home," and everyone follows willingly.

Back in her room, Debby gently blow-dries Doug's hair. They are making plans to see each other after the week is done, and perhaps they will, but that is not the way things usually happen after The Club.

The Club Med Experience (as they say) is meant to last a week, any more than that and the edges of the community begin to fray. Broken love affairs, restlessness, cliquishness, roughhousing, that sort of thing. But, according to plan, the week is suddenly over and there is time only to pick out the pictures of yourself that you want to bring home. Yes, The Club supplies a photographer, who in the manner of the dopey kid from your old yearbook staff, is always snapping candids. For a small fee you can have a snapshot which, when you look at it years from now, will show you how uninhibited and free you were in the late seventies.●

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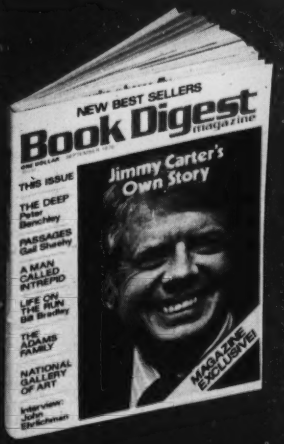

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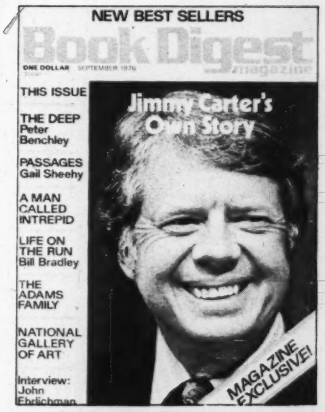

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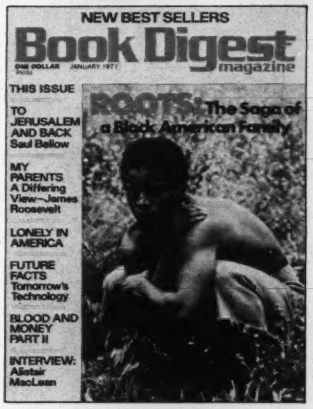
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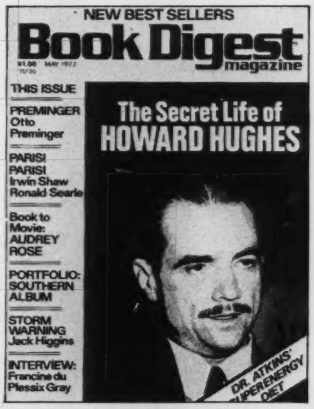

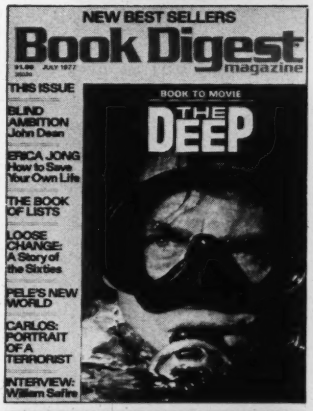

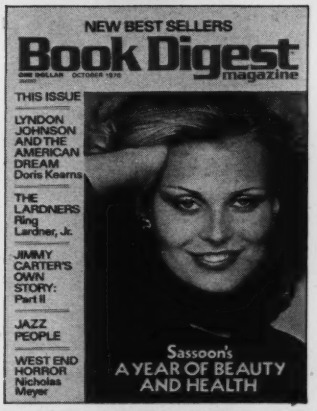
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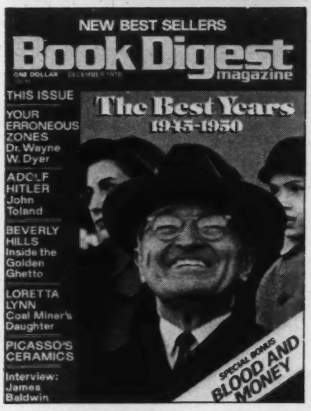
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The Devil in Bill Lee

By George Kimball

Some people say that Boston's lefthander is crazy. Here's what he says: "Yaz's number is eight. Did you ever notice what eight looks like sideways? The sign for Infinity. Every time Yaz sleeps he gains strength. If he sleeps enough, he may play forever"

It is the last Monday in July. Spaceman is sitting in the Eliot Lounge, an unpretentious little pub not far from Boston's Fenway Park. He is wearing black sneakers, black trousers, and a flowered black shirt. When he arrived at the ballpark a few hours earlier, it was widely believed that this would be his last game with the Red Sox—"This is my Mexican funeral outfit," he told his teammates—but somehow he is still with the team.

A pitcher named Don Aase was joining the club from the minors, so someone had to be dropped from the Red Sox roster to make room for him. There are several reasons why Spaceman—aka William Francis Lee III—was the likeliest deportee, but the main one, even more important than his 5.93 ERA or his rather ordinary 4–2 record, is the fact that Bill Lee and Red Sox manager Don Zimmer are so different from each other that they might have come from different planets.

Zimmer is a crew-cut little rubber ball who looks like a slightly oversized midget wrestler. Spaceman is a 30-year-old pitcher with a goddamn *beard*, and a headful of ideas that are rarely held and even more rarely espoused in the conservative world of baseball. Ideas like saving the environment. And marijuana reform. He favors the ERA. And ZPG. He believes in pyramid power. And saving the whales. And his wife Mary Lou doesn't even shave her legs . . .

"Zimmer dislikes pitchers," Spaceman says as he puts down his Heineken. "Not consciously, but it stems from a basic prejudice. If you've been beaned and nearly killed two times by pitchers, you're going to want to make them live with fear." (Zimmer carries a plate in his head as a memento of two vicious beanings he received years ago.) "Everyone tries to teach you fear.

"Did you see what Zimmer said in the paper?" Spaceman is a bit drunk, and his California mumble has become emphatic. "Best quote of all time: 'If you talk baseball with Lee, two minutes later he's talking about China. *I'll* talk baseball for an *hour*.' He doesn't say it but he means *Red* China. Great, Don! Is that all, Don?"

None of this makes it any easier to understand why Tom Murphy, whose absence hasn't prevented Lee from pouring him a beer and saving him a seat at the table, was dropped by the Red Sox while Spaceman is still with the team. "Nobody tells me anything. Nobody looks at me," he says. "They just walk by like I've been bit by a rat from Calcutta and they're afraid it's going to spread.

"I don't know what they're doing. I don't think they do. The way they're doing this, it's a melodrama. It's bad for my wife and it's bad for everybody. I have some fans who are mentally unbalanced, and they're really going through a bad time. They could do something drastic."

Spaceman is the hero of Boston's young, hip, liberal population, but he remains anathema to the old-guard factions of the local media and the denizens of Southie saloons. A major source of this antipathy was his statement—in the midst of the busing crisis a few years ago—that "Judge Garrity is the only guy in this town with any guts." (W. Arthur Garrity, the federal judge who ordered busing to desegregate the Boston school system, is widely despised by the Boston Irish who comprise a sizable portion of Fenway crowds.)

A week after that comment, Spaceman received a rambling, vitupera-

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM CARLSON. ART BY GEORGEANNE DEER

Bill Lee on his beard:
"This isn't a Fu Manchu. It's a Ho Chi Minh"

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tive missive from City Councilor Albert "Dapper" O'Neil , a veritable demigod among Boston's anti-busing forces. The letter attacked, among other things, Lee's politics, ancestry and personal habits, and concluded with a quote that "on my worst day, I could still outpitch you." "What was I supposed to say," Lee laughed. "I just returned it with a note that said, 'Dear Mr. O'Neil : I think you should be aware that some idiot has obtained some of your stationery' . . ."

Bill Lee grew up in San Rafael, the son of a telephone company employee whom he describes as a "Goldwater Republican." He was a scholarship athlete at USC, where he received a degree in geography and first became aware of people like Gurdjieff, Ouspensky and Vonnegut, whose influence on his life was decidedly different from his dad's. His baseball record was a meteoric 38–8, and he pitched USC to the national title by winning two College World Series games in two days.

His major league career began in the latter part of 1969, and was interrupted by a stint in the Army Reserves in 1970. (Lee's job involved sending posthumous medals to families of New England soldiers killed in Vietnam.) In 1971, Lee's first full season in the majors, his 9–2 record (mostly in relief) earned him the title of Boston's "Fireman of the Year." His overactive mouth earned him another title.

On August 2, 1971—the day that astronaut David Scott hit a golf ball along the surface of the moon—Bill Lee beat the Baltimore Orioles, 7–4. Asked to comment on the "meaning" of his victory, Lee tried to put the matter in perspective. "What do you guys think landing on the *moon* meant today?" he asked the reporters. "What did *those* guys think of the game?" What was this all about? Was this upstart knocking the sport? "800 million Chinese don't even know that baseball exists." Lee was tagged "Spaceman" by a teammate, and the nickname stuck.

In any other sport, Spaceman would be at most a "colorful character." It is the nature of baseball itself—the tradition of conservatism that runs so strongly through the foundations of the sport—that makes pariahs out of players like Spaceman or his spiritual ancestors Jim Piersall (whose uniform number, 37, Lee wears), Jim Bouton and Steve Hovley, whose antiwar views and unorthodox style earned him the nickname "Orbit." The old guard sportswriters and broadcasters, epitomized by Dick Young and Joe Garagiola, have no use for these thinkers. They're somehow . . . well, dangerous to the game.

Although he describes himself as a left-wing radical, Spaceman is more philosophical than political. ("I've never gone out for any *political* cause because it doesn't mean shit," he has said. "It just hides what's beneath.") His main problems concern irreconcilable contradictions. Christians believe in God, right? And they believe in helping one another, doing unto others and all that. On the other hand, atheists don't believe in God, they say we're only here for the moment, nothing else matters. Now, capitalism says every man for himself, do whatever you want to better yourself, while communism has everyone sharing and working together. Logically, communists should be Christians and capitalists should be atheists, but it's just the opposite!

"I probably do think too much," Spaceman concedes. "I remember once in college, I was in the process of semi-

Bill Lee on ecology:

"Why are we on this planet? To dominate all the lower animals and use up all the resources? We may not survive, but this planet will. They say if we switch over to the use of soft coal power rather than electricity and nuclear power, the temperature of the whole planet will rise about five degrees and the polar ice caps will melt. Then tropical vegetation will flourish everywhere, and the dinosaurs will return. We may all die, but the planet will fix itself. It has a fail-safe system built right into it"

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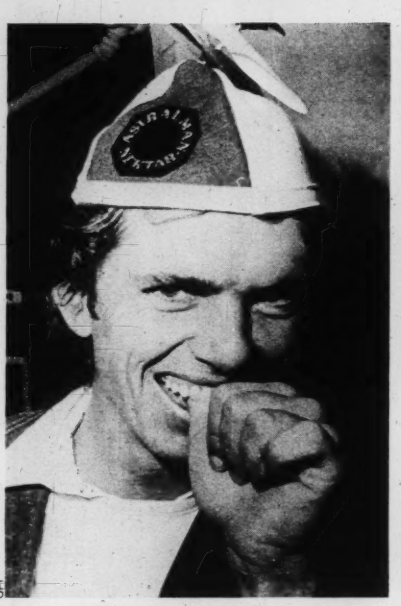

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intentionally putting the winning run on base, because I knew I could get the next batter. My coach came running out to see what I was doing. I told him I thought I could get the next guy more easily. 'Don't think,' he told me. 'You'll only hurt the ball club.' I should remember that."

By the time he came to national attention during the classic 1975 World Series, Spaceman had compiled a 70–46 record to go with his loony reputation. (The reputation was constantly reinforced by such antics as protesting a proposed uniform color change by taking the field wearing a combination of red and blue—one of each—socks and sleeves, topped with a spinning propeller atop his red and blue cap.) His success was built on outfoxing rather than overpowering the batters he faced. He gave up a lot of base hits, and was forced to supplement his screwballs, lollipops, sliders and occasional fastballs with a double-play sinker and a pick-off motion generally conceded to be the best in baseball. "Lee's idea of a perfect game," said Peter Gammons of *Sports Illustrated*, "is nine singles, six double plays, and three runners picked off first."

Spaceman's appearance is no more intimidating than his style—despite his six-foot-three frame, his uniform always looks slightly too big and he seems very much like a kid out there—so he often has to resort to basic psychology. Facing pinch-hitter Walt Williams a few years ago, Lee stalked the mound with his head scrunched down into his shoulders in a caricature of the batter, who detested his nickname, "No-Neck." Williams complained to the umpires, got no satisfaction, and grounded meekly to second. (Mysticism would be better still. Lee believes that a highly disciplined Tibetan Lama could probably make a baseball disappear and then materialize in a catcher's mitt. "There," he grins, "is my idea of a relief pitcher.")

Spaceman had a poor September in 1975, complaining of a sore elbow, and *Boston Globe* sportswriter Ray Fitzgerald saw the situation like this: "Lee's leave 'em laughing style is all right when he's winning. When he loses, however, the solemn word goes forth: Why doesn't that guy settle down and leave the comedy to the Marx Brothers?"

Bill Lee on Boston's being "the whitest team in the American League":

"Just look at the hierarchy of the ball club. We could have a winning team just made up of the black ballplayers who've been traded away in the last few years"

Nonetheless, he started the second game of the Series, following Luis Tiant's first game shut-out of Cincinnati. When he was lifted in the ninth inning, Boston was ahead 2–1; Cincinnati won the game 3–2. Asked after the game how he would characterize the Series thus far, Spaceman replied: "Tied."

(During a rain delay in the second game, Henry Kissinger visited the Boston clubhouse. "He was wearing a Red Sox cap," Lee recalls. "We've had some remarkable people in the clubhouse. Juan Marichal once brought in the smallest man in the world, a Rumanian midget from a circus. He looked as though he had appeared out of a first baseman's glove, just opened it up and trotted on out. We talked to the midget, but nobody talked to Kissinger. He sat on the table and swung his legs back and forth, and no one knew what to say to him.")

Spaceman's next start was game seven, for which he warmed up by throwing frisbees into the centerfield bleachers. He took a 3–0 lead into the sixth inning, from which he should have escaped unscathed. With Pete Rose on first and one out, Bench hit a double-play ball to short which somehow wound up in the Boston dugout on an error that cost Boston the Series. The next batter, Tony Perez, hit Spaceman's "Leephus" pitch (a blooper whose name derives from old-timer Rip Sewell's ephus pitch) out of the ballpark. Still ahead by a run, Lee was lifted. Cincinnati won the game—and the Series—with two out in the ninth inning.

No, Spaceman told reporters after the game, he didn't regret throwing the pitch to Perez. "I lived by that pitch, and I guess I can die with it, too," he said. Then, grinning, he asked, "Why don't you ask me what I threw to Bench to get that double-play ball?"

That winter, Lee toured China with a contingent of American athletes. He returned with mixed emotions; the structure of the ideologically top-heavy tour left him frequently underwhelmed, but the revolutionary Chinese society impressed him deeply. "I really couldn't criticize them until we've seen them in operation for a hundred years," he says. "Everybody makes mistakes in the beginning.

"It was a great experience. I really would like to go back—this time on my own, though, or with my family. What a great outlook they had there. Like, the number one popular song was 'I Love to Carry the Shit Up the Hillside for the People's Commune.' It was

George Kimball is the sports editor of the Boston Phoenix. *This is his first appearance in* New Times.

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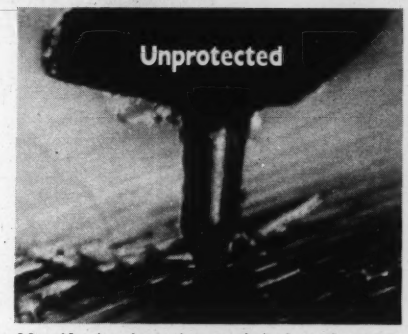

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terrific."

Spaceman's career nearly splashed down on the night of May 20, 1976. A home-plate collision at Yankee Stadium sparked a typical Boston-New York brawl. The usual procedure during one of these donnybrooks is for opposing players to pair off and snarl at each other to prevent gang-ups; Lee was duly babysitting Yankee Otto Velez when the blitzkrieg hit.

Mickey Rivers, who was wildly swinging away at anyone who wasn't looking, knocked Lee off balance with a glancing blow from behind. (Rivers was possibly still irked by Lee's comment about the hitting prowess of Rivers' former team, the California Angels: "The whole team could take batting practice in a hotel lobby and not break a chandelier.") At that moment, Graig Nettles grabbed Lee from behind and heaved him sideways. Lee landed on his left shoulder with a sickening crunch, with Nettles tumbling after.

When the dust had settled, Spaceman's pitching arm was dangling like a rag doll's. The shoulder had been ripped from the socket.

"I don't think they *started* the fight just to get me," he observed at the time, "but I *do* think that once a fight got going, there were a few guys on their team looking around for me." If this was so, they might well have remembered Lee's remark during a similar brawl a few years earlier, that the Yankees fought "like a bunch of hookers swinging their purses." And Lee's .751 lifetime winning percentage against New York, which places him third—behind Babe Ruth and Dickie Kerr—on the list of all-time Yankee killers, made him an inviting target.

(Spaceman has had his share of punch-outs over the years: in 1971, a fight with catcher Ellie Rodriguez during a game in Puerto Rico evolved into an off-field mugging by Rodriguez and several relatives, after which Lee required extensive dental work. His disagreements are not confined to fisticuffs, however. As the Red Sox' Player Representative, he was one of the stauncher union advocates during the spring training lock-out of 1976—a dispute in which his notoriously well-paid teammates were willing to bargain away almost *anything* for a resolution. His union sentiment had its limits, though—he laughed at the players' demands for first-class travel accommodations.)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM CARLSON

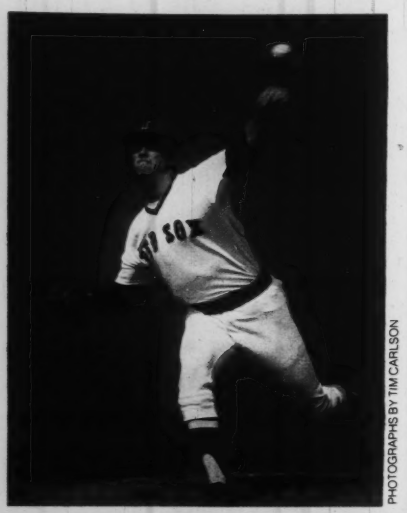
Spaceman's injury ended his streak of three consecutive 17-victory seasons; he finished 1976 with a 5–7 record. While his pitching has remained erratic this season, his relations with Zimmer and the Boston media have deteriorated. Radical sportswriter Jack Scott sees a definite connection.

"Lee speaks out so much because he feels challenged," Scott says. "He's out there by himself, and any energy that he expends on these other things takes away from what's left for his performance on the field."

Spaceman's verbal assaults on Zimmer got stronger (for public consumption, he called the manager a "little gerbil"), to the point where the manager became, to Lee, emblematic of everything that was holding the world back from being a better place. "It's only a matter of time now," says Boston TV sports reporter Clark Booth, a friend and ally of Lee's. "Why do they want him out? Because he's a kid. That's why we like him and they don't. He should have kept his mouth shut. You shouldn't tell your boss he's an asshole. Lee says he gets more feedback from the wall, he's been lied to—you just can't say those things. I think you could objectively say Lee made a mistake in this case."

Clif Keane—half of Boston's conservative Clif and Claf radio sports team—is not the sort of person to be moved by Spaceman's observation that each major league baseball represents some Haitian slave's eight-hour day. "He's very fresh with his mouth," says Clif. "He's easy copy, but he's not a sincere guy.

"He's supposed to read all these books. One day I asked him what his day was like, and he went through it all, from 9 a.m. to 4 a.m. He went downtown, he went out to the game, he talked with people and all that, but *when did he have time to read a book*?"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM CARLSON

Bill Lee on the possibility of going to the Chicago Cubs:

"They think I'm my father. When they find out I'm his son, with all these way-out liberal ideas, they won't want me, they'll forget it. I'll try to tell them how to save the abalones off Mr. Wrigley's islands"

It is the last Monday in July. Spaceman is sitting in front of his locker. Above it is a thought from Thoreau: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer." Camera crews are parading in and out, setting up, asking their questions, making way for the next group. Murphy is gone, Lee is still with the team. He's anxious to get to the Eliot Lounge, but he sits and answers the questions.

Would he be willing to go to Pawtucket? "Nope. I've never played Triple A and I'm not going to start now. I feel like I can get the job done here. If a pitcher makes a mistake, it shouldn't seem like the end of the world, but they create an atmosphere where it seems like

that. If someone is released it's not the end of the world—it could be the beginning.

"Look, I know I can still pitch, and so do plenty of other people. I'll probably wind up with another team, and I just hope that it's a contender—or a west coast team. If I don't, I'll just go back to nature, buy a farm, and we can all grow walnuts together.

"No matter what happens, I know I won't be here *next* year. This shit with Zimmer has gone too far for that. What I'd like right now, though, is just to finish this season in Boston, get us into the World Series again, get up to bat and hit a home run, and then I'll just ride off into the sunset."

In a little while, he is at the Eliot Lounge. He has had a few beers and he is talking clearly. How come he always has something to say to reporters? "It's like a *curse*," he laughs. "I'm like that guy Tiresias, who was always telling Oedipus the truth.

"All I do is poke fun at the fallibility of man, you know, of all of us," he says. He begins talking about the $900 smoke alarm system he had installed in his home in Belmont. He had caved in to the salesman two weeks ago, after being subjected to an hour-long harangue featuring show-and-tell about charred families and the lightning qualities of fire. "He really liked to strike that match," says Spaceman. "It was worth $900 just to get him to shut up." He pauses. "I really believe that there wouldn't be any fires if people didn't have bad vibrations."

Three days later Boston begins a West Coast trip, and–surprise!–Spaceman is on the flight to L.A. The front office has decided to try to reconcile Spaceman and Zimmer. Step one: Spaceman has shaved his beard. "I'm going to see my grandparents and I don't want to shock them," he explains. "They just want to see the boy they used to know."

A few more weeks drag by and then, with no warning, Boston fans see the boy they *used to know. A superb (though losing) relief stint earns Spaceman a start. He beats Minnesota, 7–5, and earns a place in the starting rotation. He beats Cleveland, 3–1. He beats Toronto, 11–2. He beats Detroit, 6–2. Spaceman has a 4–1 record in his "second season," with a 5-game ERA of 2.00. His 1977 record is 8–3 (3rd best winning percentage on the club) and his ERA is down from an astronomical 6.08 to 4.58.*

"Suppose it comes down to a one-game playoff at the end of the season," says Globe *sportswriter Leigh Montville. "Who do you think would pitch for the Red Sox? Against the Yankees? I think it would be Bill Lee and wouldn't that be a story? Wouldn't that be the wildest dog-house-to-penthouse story in a long time?"* ●

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Books/By Geoffrey Wolff

Black Genesis: 'Sugarman done fly'

Song of Solomon *by Toni Morrison.* Knopf (337 pp., $8.95).

Toni Morrison's first novel, *The Bluest Eye*, was published in 1970; I caught up with her second, *Sula*, last year, two years after it was published, and I resolved to find some just occasion for writing about it. The occasion is the publication of a new novel, less tightly wound than *Sula* but more ambitious in its reach, a fiction about the legends of black Americans, and about magic, and about the jagged, unguarded frontier between extreme and perverted love.

Sula is a novel of family and friendship in an Ohio town told, like *Song of Solomon*, by a narrator whose omniscience is limited to the black experience of a world overpopulated and overpowered by white people. These white people have awful consequence on black lives but they are treated like dangerous animals at large in the wild, best-avoided beasts with strange and savage customs.

Sula Peace is a black woman "as willing to feel pain as to give pain, to feel pleasure as to give pleasure. . . . " She lives "an experimental life," not unlike Iago's. She bears responsibility for the accidental drowning of a black boy. She steals her best friend Nel's husband for no other reason than she feels, for the moment, like having him. The icy wind that blows across her imagination is of a different kind than the blind, purposeless malignancy of white folks: it is pure will, a natural astonishment.

Monstrous things happen in *Sula*. The heroine's grandmother sets her dope-ridden son alight with kerosene in an act translated by Morrison's rhetorical reach and precision into a display of mercy and of love. Sula watches her own mother catch on fire and burn, and she does not move to rescue her, "not because she was paralyzed, but because she was interested." Morrison is at her astonishing best in the elaboration of such moments, when time is arrested and images fragment and recompose and metastasize. Nel accidentally discovers her naked husband on the floor of her bedroom with her best friend, also naked, and this first blink ramifies into emotions and possibilities, and releases throughout the book the myriad suggestions it has collected.

The same impulse for stop-time and attention enables the most memorable scenes in *Song of Solomon*: the novel opens with a declarative sentence stating in the flattest of voices that an insurance agent, who we soon understand is black, has promised to fly from the roof of a Michigan hospital across Lake Superior. Mr. Smith's moments on the roof of Mercy Hospital, as he folds and manipulates his blue cape, prefigure the entire experience of this book: its hero is prematurely born that day, and is the descendant of Solomon, a Virginia slave who one day flew home to Africa. If the world of *Sula* is almost claustrophobically self-enclosed, a world of charged moments, the dimensions of this third novel radiate outward, toward primal creation myths and the legends of a captive race

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL RICHER; HEAD PHOTO© 1977 HELEN MARCUS

for whom flight became responsibility.

But the flight from responsibility is the killing vice of Solomon's descendants. Milkman, the first black man born in Mercy Hospital, is the son of Ruth and Macon Dead, and the nephew of Pilate Dead, whose niece Hagar he loves and then abandons. "Her eccentricities were no longer provocative and the stupefying ease with which he had gotten and stayed between her legs had changed from the great good fortune he'd considered it, to annoyance at her refusal to make him hustle for it, work for it, do something difficult for it."

The abandonment of women by their men is a persistent theme in black culture, and certainly in Morrison's fiction. But this particular abandonment, so prosaically justified by the narrator on behalf of Milkman, is something deeper than it first seems, the occasion for Hagar's murderous fury and her death from a broken heart. She hunts Milkman fanatically and absurdly once a month till she finds him, or he lets her find him, and she means to kill him with a butcher's knife. She stabs once, to no effect, and then "Hagar raised the knife again, this time with both hands, but found she could not get her arms down. Try as she might, the ball joint in her shoulders would not move. Ten seconds passed. Fifteen. The paralyzed woman and the frozen man."

The effect of this moment, a scene locked in ice, is the effect Keats achieved in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn," the busy theater of a stilled act. Among Morrison's immediate ancestors, William Faulkner was preoccupied with such paralyzed moments: the knife raised against a bear, the suicide caught between his act and his death in mid-leap, the eternal, circular moment of discovery. Like the obsessive tale-tellers of *Absalom, Absalom!*, Milkman's mother begins her most important story in mid-sentence. Like Jason Compson, of *The Sound and the Fury*, Milkman's father, the son of a slave, is relentlessly acquisitive, a man whose energy comes from unlocalized hatreds. His advice to his son is the advice of a slaveowner to his son: "Let me tell you right now the one important thing you'll ever need to know: Own things. And let the things you own own things. Then you'll own yourself and other people too." Morrison peoples this book with black Snopes too, but *Song of Solomon*, a cold, rootless man's search for his kinsmen, most of all resembles Faulkner's *Light in August*, even to the echo of a locution I have never read or heard save in Faulkner's story of a cold, rootless man's search for his kinsmen. *Light in August* begins with a wagon creaking uphill in the "hot still pinewiney silence of the August afternoon" and *Song of Solomon* has a reference to a "piny-winy smell" as a kind of narcotic. The first refers obliquely to the smell and sound (pine-*whiny*) of a sawmill, and the second to the pine-smell of wine, but there is here a kind of homage, and a recapitulation of the grand metaphors of blackness and whiteness, slavery and retribution, Eden and its violation.

One of the great frozen moments of *Song of Solomon* prolongs the funeral of Hagar, an occasion in which women utterly dominate men, and this moment dramatizes that theme of Morrison's so much more important to her than the abrasions between whites and blacks. She has explained elsewhere that once upon a time African cultures did not understand the association between sexuality and creation, that it was believed that creation was entirely the province of women, and that men were unnecessary, and so in that faraway time women were worshiped. She did not develop the corollary to this proposition, that black society, at least in her own fictions, has returned to a kind of matriarchy: men are used for the moment, just as they use for the moment, and then they "fly away" and leave the women behind. The results of this unbalanced sense of blood and responsibility are not benign. Just as Richard Wright believed that his family beat and abused him in order to prepare him for the exactions of life in a white world, so do Morrison's women try to enfold their daughters and granddaughters and hide them from the world of men, thus crippling them.

Not to suggest that Morrison has set up as a social commentator: what she may abhor as a citizen provides the occasion for a fiction of driving will and of obsession. Her women are grand creatures, consuming; they are, as Sula might understand the word, *interesting*. Thus Milkman's mother, Ruth, seems to the world a put-upon and diminished creature, but those privileged by the narrator to know her understand her to be straddling that border between deep and perverted love. When her doctor father most grotesquely died, she either (according to her version) took his fingers in her mouth as she knelt beside him wearing her slip, or (according to her husband) she crawled in bed with his body, "naked as a yard dog, kissing him." Milkman himself, stunted by loving women's manipulations of him, got his name because his mother nursed him past the time he grew teeth, and long past the time society decided he should have been weaned; he was the victim of what? Excessive love? Something darker?

Names meant a great deal to Morrison in *Sula*. Like Faulkner, she is good at them, but more than that, the Pearl, Plum, BoyBoy, Tar Baby and Teapot's Mamma of her previous novel were the enactments of their titles, just as Sula *Peace* was an inversion of hers. She lay in the boneyard with her family: each kinswoman and kinsman lay beneath a flat slab: "Together they read like a chant: PEACE 1895-1921, PEACE 1890-1923, PEACE 1910-1940, PEACE 1892-1959. They were not dead people. They were words. Not even words. Wishes, longings."

In *Song of Solomon* the names have taken on a kind of biblical resonance. In a way, the entire purpose of the book is to get the names right, to pin them, to hook Milkman, born Macon Dead, to Solomon, who flew away home to Africa. "White people name Negroes like race horses," a character remarks, but so, too often now, does Morrison. Here, in part, is the *dramatis personae*: Guitar, Empire State, Railroad Tommy, Hospital Tommy, Circe, Sing Byrd, First Corinthians, Magdalene, Milkman. Macon Dead the first, Milkman's father's father, got named by a drunken clerk in the Freedmen's Bureau who wrote the correct words on the incorrect lines of a form. But Morrison milks this marvelous accident dry with such arch observations as "Ain't but three Deads alive" and "He was already Dead" and this exchange between Milkman and Guitar, who decides to kill his best friend: "You're wrong. Dead wrong." While I do not believe that a man named Dead could make such casual use of his name, I am certain that Morrison did not need Guitar's reply: "The 'dead' part is you."

There are some slangy idioms out of their time (the fifties) here: "cool it" and "freaky" and "we've been tight" and "you can off me." But Morrison needs no lessons in American prose from me or from anyone. She writes as Solomon flies: high, far and by magic, and her manipulations of black idioms are gorgeous. Thus it is dispiriting that through much of the second half of *Song of Solomon* she abandons the close attention to particular speech and to the frozen moment to send Milkman and her language on a busy, journeyman chase after some bags of gold and the bones of a corpse. This portion of her plot is "action-packed" indeed, the stuff of a Hardy Boys adventure yarn. When Milkman learns about the magical taking-off of his ancestor Solomon, he comes alive: "The son of a bitch could fly! . . . Could fly! He didn't need no airplane. Didn't need no fuckin' tee double you ay. He could fly his own self!" And so can Morrison's third novel, wonderfully airborne, so long as it stays clear of the ponderous, earth-bound contraption of a conventional yarn.

Movies/By Richard Corliss

How I spent my summer vocation

Maybe you spent your summer lazily exposing rolls of film on a Pacific beach, like Francis Coppola; or trying to talk with the natives on a whirlwind world tour, like Cyrus Vance; or playing croquet on the lawn of your East Hampton or West Egg estate, like a Bronx slumlord. Me, I spent the summer in New York—our muggy, Sam-burned, looted and loot-free cultural capital—screening the world's cinema for four to eight hours a day as a member of the New York Film Festival's selection committee. (Then at night I'd go to the movies for *New Times*.) The fruits of our masochism and myopia are on view at Lincoln Center from September 23 through October 9.

As usual, this year's program is dominated by directors whose work has been represented in previous Festivals: a cineaste's dozen of Robert Bresson, Luis Buñuel, Marguerite Duras, Claude Goretta, Werner Herzog, James Ivory, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Nelson Pereira dos Santos, François Truffaut, Agnes Varda, Wim Wenders and Robert M. Young. (Make that a baker's dozen: Bernardo Bertolucci is bringing *1900* to the Festival. A 14th, R.W. Fassbinder, dropped out when contractual disagreements prevented his *Bollwieser* from being shown.) To some critics, this is less an honors list of world-class filmmakers than an irrelevant incantation of sacred cows, which proves that the Festival, feisty and adventurous in its early years, is showing signs of arteriosclerosis, if not rigor mortis.

I think the Festival's critics give it more and less credit than it deserves. More, because the selection committee doesn't act as a collective arbiter of cinema standards, but rather as a small-scale exhibitor: 20 recent feature films that a majority of the committee members finds worthy of being screened to an audience of 2,000 people; 20 out of the several hundred films that open in New York each year. Less, because although there are other showcases, theatrical and nontheatrical, for deserving films, none gets the press coverage given the Festival; so none gets the interest from distributors that can lead to an American release. Even in a market desperate for "product," few respected European directors are guaranteed such a release unless potential distributors are guaranteed favorable reviews—and, if they're lucky, that's what they can get for free from exposure in the New York Film Festival.

Among those directors who have received wider exposure by being spotlighted in the Festival are Buñuel and Bresson, both in the seventies, and Herzog and Wenders, both in their mid-thirties. I haven't seen the Old Masters' new works, but I have seen those of the Young Germans, and I hope many others will, too—both for their own considerable merits and for their aptness as what are sometimes derisively called "Festival films." Both Herzog's *Heart of Glass* (about which I waxed ecstatic in my report from the Cannes festival) and Wenders' *The American Friend* are too mysterioso by half: you may find yourself stopping, in mid-admiration of these films' gorgeously murky images, to wonder just what's going on in the story. With Herzog, this shouldn't matter. Both his subject (a small German town obsessed with rediscovering the formula for a precious ruby glass) and the film itself are divinely, demonically bonkers; social realists need not apply here. But *The American Friend* is a European thriller (not metaphysical or campy, thank God, but certainly existential), and it suffers from a denouement that tangles instead of unraveling. Still, in its relation to Alan Pakula's artfully designed and acted political thrillers (*The Parallax View* and *All the President's Men*), the film is attractive and intelligent—exactly the kind of Amerikanische Freund a young German would want for his own.

Like many a Festival entry, Wenders' thriller refers as much to the minutiae of film history as to the mechanics of a whodunit narrative. But Wenders' main conceit—casting the gangsters in his film with movie directors—makes sense, because these particular directors have marvelous, lived-in, *film noir* faces, and because he's used them as personalities and not as relics. When Dennis Hopper embraces Nicholas Ray early in the film, you needn't know that Hopper made his screen debut 22 years ago in Ray's *Rebel Without a Cause*, the James Dean J.D. movie that precursed Hopper's own *Easy Rider*; buff or not, you can

Dennis Hopper in Wenders' *The American Friend*: Danger in his presence

savor the wary warmth two con artists feel for each other. Hopper, who has stumbled and mumbled through most of his roles as if this were the only suitable posture for an anti-establishment icon, is for once remarkably lucid and controlled—though there's still danger in his presence—as the film's Mephistophelean antagonist, an underworld high financier. His performance is perfectly complemented by Bruno Ganz's quiet, troubled art-restorer who plunges into intrigue and murder. Their performances are complex and moving, and make perfect sense even when the film doesn't—as a narrative, that is. As a parade of deep, rich images, *The American Friend* is always coherent and eloquent.

The films from two other Festival veterans, Varda and Pasolini, are poles apart. To be more precise, Varda's *One Sings, the Other Doesn't* inhabits a savvy, sunny, equatorial mindscape—a pastel sensibility that some have called Feminique Feminism, and which appeals to me very much—while Pasolini's *Salò* charts the icy, barren waste products of fascism and sadism. It's easy now to see Pasolini's violent death (he was murdered by a young male pickup) as a work of grotesque action poetry, and the same could be said of *Salò*, his last film. There are no erotic thrills, no stylistic frills in this autopsy of totalitarian torture: the "sex" (the debased, joyless couplings) is discreet, the "violence" (skin grafts and bowel movements) is Peckinpah special-effects stuff. But the cumulative effect is more horrifying than that of a dozen snuff movies. This is the real thing: an anguished scream from beyond the grave, from hell, from nowhere. Proceed at your own risk.

There is, of course, very little risk in showing or seeing films, however demanding or austere or even repulsive, by established directors or in the Festival's established subgenres (these are known familiarly as the Vast Sprawling Fresco film, like Pereira dos Santos' *Tent of Miracles*; the Searing Indictment of Society, like Young's *Short Eyes*; and the Hymn to the Human Spirit, like Ivory's *Roseland*). If the Festival presented only old favorites and middle-aged bromides, the selection committee could be replaced by an auteurist computer, and Opening Night audiences could dine on Cycle 4 instead of canapés. So the committee spends most of its time watching films by people you never heard of—and, in most cases, never will—in hopes of finding a couple of uncut gems.

One sweltering July afternoon, the committee members were suffering through their 201st government-sponsored 59-minute Bicentennial documentary celebration of American folkways, and thinking dark unpatriotic thoughts, when *Men of Bronze* came on the screen. This film, about the all-black, volunteer 15th Army Brigade in World War I, is amateur in the best sense: its director, Bill Miles, spent a dozen years on the film, exploring archives, contacting survivors, crafting a work of love into a work of art. Another film out of the blue, Martin Brest's *Hot Tomorrows*, tells its story of a death-obsessed writer via a lurching narrative and a gliding, ghoulish *mise-en-scène*; like Martin Scorsese's *Who's That Knocking at My Door?*, it's a first feature that impresses not so much for what it is as for what it promises. The film was shot for $20,000, about the going rate for a sow's ear these days; yet it has an assurance and an eerie opulence that puts *A Bridge Too Far* to shame. (And let's not forget *Citizens Band*, the nifty CB bucolic comedy I wrote about last issue; forget only the new, listless title affixed to it: *Handle With Care*.)

There are moments to treasure in all the Festival films—even those moments when an audience turns into a posse, and starts booing a film it deems particularly worthless. This reaction can mean that Festival-goers expect more and better; and they should. It can also mean they don't know their eyes from their elbows. You'll find noble precedents for such antagonism: Carl Dreyer, the great Danish director, was greeted with catcalls as he rose after the screening of *Gertrud*, his last film; and there are those of us (my wife and I) who think Luchino Visconti's *Conversation Piece*, which turned into an Opening Night conflagration piece two years ago, will outlive its detractors. You'll also find the occasional film that deserves, if not rotten tomatoes and libelous threats, then stony silence. (No names, please—we will not speak ill of the duds.)

I'm even perverse enough to take pleasure in those hundreds of hours Richard Roud and Roger Greenspun and Charles Michener and Susan Sontag and I whiled away in that Manhattan screening room, armed only with our Murine, our Dexedrine and our senses of humor and proportion. After all, it beats work. And if an average afternoon doesn't produce an uncut or even tarnished gem, you're still likely to find some preposterous epiphany in the unlikeliest picture. My favorite of the 1977 crop came in a madly baroque film about a Georgian poet (not James Dickey; this is Soviet Georgia). A fierce-eyed peasant stared into the camera and intoned the immortal words: "Life is like pork fat." So was my summer; so you'll forgive me if I wince when some reviewer criticizes the New York Film Festival selection committee for not bringing home thicker slices of bacon.

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Music / By Frank Conroy

The commercialization of George Shearing

Most rock players do not seem to age well, musically speaking. The pattern seems to be to work hard, make your pile, and retire from playing at an early age, and then dabble in producing, writing, or the pop life in general. The music, for the most part, fails to nurture—undoubtedly because of its abject commercialism. The players get bored.

Jazz artists drop out by the hundreds (Is it true that Pete La Rocca is driving a cab in Boston?), but quite a few discover that the music can sustain, inspire and involve for a lifetime. Oscar Peterson, Gerry Mulligan, Zoot Sims, Max Roach, Charlie Mingus and Stan Getz are all in their fifties. Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Hank Jones and Jimmy Rowles are all around sixty. Earl Hines, who tore up this year's jazz festival in New York, was born in 1905. Many of these men are playing as well now as ever before.

George Shearing is almost sixty, and although he's spent an inordinate amount of time doing commercial music, he remains an important figure in jazz history. As a young man, growing up in London, Shearing connected to the be-bop sounds coming from America. He began writing exquisite little lines like "Consternation" and explored the possibilities of improvisation with far more daring than his contemporaries. Eventually he came to America and formed a quintet—piano, vibes, guitar, bass and drums—the special sound of which was to have a mass appeal almost unparalleled in jazz. The influence of the Shearing sound—unison melody line of piano, vibes and guitar over chords and rhythm—can hardly be overemphasized. Music schools all over the country still use his arrangements of various standard tunes as a basic introduction to jazz playing. The harmonies are imaginative and correct, the alterations of phrasing in the familiar melody lines are both subtle and hip (a rare mixture), and the emphasis always remains on ensemble-playing balanced dynamics and a smooth blending of tones.

Shearing was also one of the first to attempt a synthesis of Latin rhythms and jazz forms, which later, separately, came to flower in the Bossa Nova. At the start he was a fiery, virile player—a posture he maintained for almost 20 years—and then, mysteriously, he seemed to run out of gas. Instead of jazz he began to play lush, commercial arrangements with strings—simple statements of work already done rather than explorations into new areas. He seemed awash in decadent romanticism, satisfied with pale, pretty music, using his impressive technical skills to inappropriate ends, like some great chef dedicating himself to the endless production of vanilla ice cream. Still, he commanded great respect in the jazz world for what he *had* done. When he recorded with the Montgomery Bros. in 1961, it was a major event. Some thought it might mark the beginning of a revivified Shearing, but, even though the record was excellent, he went right back to pretty-pretty for Capitol.

Shearing played at the Cafe Carlyle in New York recently, accompanied by Victor Gaskin on bass. I went to hear him for two nights in a row, and it was a confusing experience—feelings of admiration, frustration, pleasure and sadness swirling about. Shearing is not as courageous as he once was, nor is he as overtly commercial—he is somewhere in the middle, in the middle of himself, with flashes going back to all the phases of a lifetime of playing. His tone and touch are simply beautiful—he can play very softly without losing control, and he can pick and choose between the inner voices of his harmonies, directing the audience's attention right through the center of an arrangement without apparent effort. His wit is a delight. Playing "Happy Birthday" for a friend, he did it in the manner of Bach, Chopin and Beethoven, one after another, in an irresistible tour de force. But if his set pieces are first-rate, his improvisation is not, and therein lies the mystery. How can this man, who used to play his ass off when it came time to solo, be content with the desultory stuff he plays today? It is as if he's decided that improvisation (the very heart of jazz) isn't worth the trouble. He is right there, after all, at the piano, playing. He has the knowledge, the technique, and presumably the energy. What he may not have is the heart for it, and if that is true, it is sad indeed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB PARENT

George Shearing in 1954: Those were the days

Antonio Carlos Jobim, the Brazilian composer and one of the founding fathers of Bossa Nova, was in the small audience the second night. After the last set he talked to Shearing, whom he admires enormously. Out of the blue, he leaned across the table and asked, "How do you feel? I mean your health. Do you feel alright?" I don't know if Jobim asked because of the weakness of the music, but I suspect so. Slightly flustered, Shearing said he felt fine.

My own guess is Shearing played commercial music for too long. Like some of the rock people, it took the heart out of him. Improvisation is the key—that is what gives Zoot, Dizzy, Oscar et al. their endless zeal. Drop the elements of discovery and surprise from your playing for long enough, and you won't be able to pick them up again.

Records

By Jim Miller

★★ Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted, *Animals* (Jet); **★★★ Robert Gordon with Link Wray** (Private Stock); **★★★ Twilley Don't Mind,** *Dwight Twilley Band* (Arista). Although it seems almost pompous to point out that rock has its own lasting verities, the greatest rock bands have often been conservative, paying homage to a tradition that lives through their work. Such conservatism was an integral part of the first British Invasion: the Beatles cut songs by Little Richard and Chuck Berry, while the Rolling Stones and Animals venerated American blues and soul. The contemporary range of such neoclassicism is illustrated by three new albums from three diverse artists, each resurrecting a different "tradition" within the rock mainstream.

Dwight Twilley and Phil Seymour: Even in rock, some styles never die

The original Animals, featuring singer Eric Burdon and pianist Alan Price, are back together again for the first time since 1966. Their reunion album is highlighted by the kind of forthright blues the group always performed well ("Brother Bill" by Leiber and Stoller, for example). But Burdon's posturing seems gauche on "Please Send Me Someone to Love," Percy Mayfield's delicate soul ballad, and hopelessly stiff on "The Fool," Sanford Clark's brooding bit of rockabilly. Unfortunately, this new disc lacks any Brill Building anthems like "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood," songs well suited to Burdon's grandiose style.

"The Fool" also figures on Robert Gordon's debut, which, in a true homage to rockabilly, resurrects obscurities as well as hits (Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" for one). While the arrangements sometimes duplicate the originals, Gordon's vocal verve and Link Wray's guitar keep things lively: Wray is a unique stylist, getting a dirtier sound than such other rockabilly masters as James Burton.

The Dwight Twilley Band works a different strand in the rock tradition, mainly mid-sixties Beatles and Byrds with a twist of redneck soul (the Box Tops) and rockabilly (quavering hints of Buddy Holly). Since Twilley hails from Tulsa, Oklahoma, that web of influences makes sense, and so do most of the new songs penned by Dwight for his band's second album. Twilley's harmonized vocals will gladden the heart of any connoisseur of Top 40 pop raised in the sixties. Even in rock, some styles never die.

★★★ Party Time, *Heptones* (Mango); **★★ Police and Thieves,** *Junior Murvin* (Mango). Two superior sets of reggae cut by the idiom's preeminent producer, Lee Perry, who records in a mysterious wash of echo. The Heptones' set is more consistent, but Murvin's "Police and Thieves" gets my vote for the best reggae single of the year.

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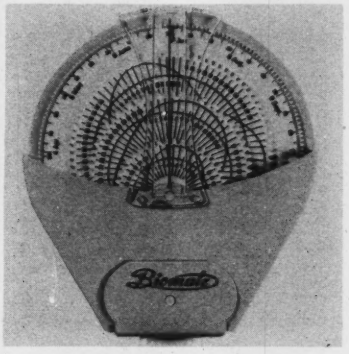

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Bye-bye Bert/By Paul Erdman

Final Tribute

Writing an obituary before the body's cold is a dangerous business. But in the case of Bert Lance's life as Director of the Office of Management and Budget, the risk appears to be nil. As far as his Washington career is concerned, Lance was dead from the very beginning, and he should have known it, and Jimmy Carter should have known it.

That is what, to me, is most bothersome about the entire affair. The facts now show, beyond any doubt, that Bert Lance was a financial operator who needed a vehicle to pyramid his personal fortune, and used banks for that purpose instead of the more usual hamburger-stand franchises or offshore mutual funds employed by similar promoter types. Nobody can tell me that a sharp businessman like Jimmy Carter was too naive to realize this. The two men operated in the same community for a long time, did business together, and eventually became cronies. Why not? Everybody likes to have a free and easy banker as a buddy. Thus Nixon had Bebe Rebozo. But even Nixon was not so cocksure of himself that he would have dreamed of appointing Bebe to a cabinet post.

Where Carter does seem to have been naive is in failing to recognize the inevitability of Lance's past catching up with him. Carter obviously felt that his holier-than-thou aura was a mantle that could be extended to his closest associate. In fact, right to the end Carter has been insisting that Bert is without fault. Which brings us to the real issue: is Bert Lance a sinner, and did Jimmy know?

As an ex-banker who reached the "ex" stage involuntarily, to put it mildly, I have since been making a living writing about financial hanky-panky. So if it takes one to know one, I should be considered reasonably well-qualified to judge whether Bert deserves to be cast into outer darkness.

As I see it, Lance's entire financial success (this success supposedly qualifies him for the post of budget chief) was based upon the same formula employed by most rags-to-riches biggies, ranging from Aristotle Onassis to C. Arnholt Smith: using Other People's Money. Lance's formula within this OPM formula is admirable, in retrospect, for its simplicity and consistency. His problem, like everybody trying to build a financial empire on a shoestring, was twofold: 1. To raise long-term capital in order to make his purchase of banks possible; 2. To have a

PHOTOGRAPH BY J.P. LAFFONT/SYGMA

short-term credit facility available for those inevitable moments when he ran out of ready cash.

Lance, fortunately, started with a small rural bank by marrying one. And it was there that he obviously discovered the potential—the personal potential—inherent in establishing correspondent relations between his bank and other banks. For the basic dilemma facing any ambitious banker is that it is definitely a no-no for you to borrow from your own bank. However, if your bank makes a large interest-free deposit with another bank, ostensibly to cement a correspondent relationship, the odds are very good indeed that that correspondent bank will view any personal loan requests rather favorably.

Lance tried this out on a small scale in rural Georgia—involving institutions with such names as the Cohutta Banking Company, the Fulton National Bank, the Northwest Georgia Bank—and it worked beautifully. As his banking empire grew, Lance outgrew the lending capacities of local banks. He needed big loans to buy big banks in the big city—Atlanta. So he tried the correspondent balance/personal loan approach, first on Manufacturers Hanover in New York, and then the First National Bank of Chicago. It worked fine there too. So much for the long-term capital problem. To solve the "cash crunch" situations that arose, Lance simply circumvented the strict no-no rules on personal borrowings from his own banks by borrowing the money under another name: "overdrafts." That's it.

Now does that make Bert Lance a sinner?

In my judgement, no. If he'd stayed in Georgia, he could probably have gone on forever. It's all legal, as long as no "linkage" can be proven between the personal loans and the correspondent bank accounts, and provided the "overdrafts" appear to be of a random and accidental nature. The problem is that all this sounds crooked as hell. So if you are doing it, you don't talk about it except, perhaps, with your good buddies over a beer. However, when you go for a cabinet post in Washington, your business is everybody's business. Both Lance and Carter should have known that.

So what does that make them? I guess, at worst, Bert Lance is just a smart hick banker who tried to snake-charm the city slickers and got bit. And Jimmy Carter is a smart hick banker's buddy.●

The wine sat there and the Smirnoff flowed. Amusing.
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